

vs which were hard and slippery, he wrenched  
r so violently, that, when the sinews gave way,  
fellow's arm swelled fearfully up to the very  
An Indian, touched by mercy, took him to his  
kept him there two days which we spent in that  
leaving me in ignorance and great anxiety as to

ghtfall, we were taken to a hut where the youth  
us. They ordered us to sing as other captives  
to do ; we at last complied, for alas, what else  
e do ? but we sang the "Canticles of the Lord  
nge land." Torture followed the chanting, and  
urst especially on René and myself, for the good  
ill kept William in his hut. Accordingly, on  
especially on René, they threw hot ashes and  
s, burning him terribly in the breast.

next hung me up between two poles in the hut,  
ne arms above the elbow with coarse rope woven  
rk of trees. Then I thought I was to be burnt,  
s one of their usual preliminaries. And that I  
now that, if I had thus far borne anything with  
or even with patience, these came not from  
out from Him who gives strength to the weary ;  
though left to myself in this torture, I groaned  
r " I will glory in my infirmities that the pow-  
rist may dwell in me," (2 Cor. xii. 9,) and from  
ase pain, I begged my torturers to ease me some  
om those hard, rough ropes. But God justly



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PERILS  
OF THE  
OCEAN AND WILDERNESS:

OR,

Narratives of Shipwreck and Indian Captivity.

GLEANED FROM EARLY MISSIONARY ANNALS.

BY

*Dawson*  
JOHN GILMARY SHEA,

AUTHOR OF THE "DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,"  
"HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS," "SCHOOL  
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," ETC.

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## P R E F A C E.

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No works are more popular, or generally read, than those describing the perils by sea and land, through which the writers have passed; and one work of fiction, the Robinson Crusoe of Defoe, will ever be a favorite from its apparent reality, its combination of perils from shipwreck and perils from the barbarous savage, which the imaginary hero recounts.

No fiction can equal the real sufferings of every kind endured by the early missionaries to this country. Like Saint Paul, they might indeed speak of their perils—perils by sea, perils by land, perils from robbers, perils from false brethren. Fortunately for our edification, many of them left narratives of their adventures, and some of these, we have gathered in this volume from various sources, which we might call original. They comprise Father Charles Lalemant's narrative of his shipwreck off Cape Breton, taken from the *Voyages de Cham-*

*plain*, published at Paris in 1632; the narrative of Father Jogues' captivity, taken from a sworn copy, preserved at Montreal, and from that printed in the *Societas Militans* of Tanner; the captivity and death of Rene Goupil from the autograph of the martyred Jogues; Letters of Father Jogues from the *Relations de la Nouvelle France*, and sworn copies; the captivity of Father Bressani, from his work *Breve Relatione*, published at Macerata, in 1653; and the thrilling account given by Father Crespel of his shipwreck on Anticosti, being the whole of the little volume published by him at Frankfort, Maine, in 1742.

New York, Anniversary of the death }  
of Father Jogues, 1856. }

JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

# Perils of the Ocean and Wilderness.



# PERILS

OF THE

## OCEAN AND WILDERNESS.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE SHIPWRECK OF FATHER CHARLES LALEMAN, PHILIBERT NOYROT,  
AND OTHERS, OFF CAPE BRETON.

THE writer of the following letter was one of the most eminent of the early Jesuit missionaries in Canada, where several others of his family were distinguished, and one, the illustrious Father Gabriel Lalemant, died a martyr to his zeal for the conversion of the Indians.

Father Charles Lalemant, a son of the Sieur Lalemant, *Lieutenant Criminel* of Paris, was born in that city in 1587. He entered the Society of Jesus at the age of twenty, and was soon followed by his two brothers, Jerome and Louis, the latter a celebrated ascetical author. Father Charles was one of the missionaries at the colony of St. Savior's, on Mount Desert Island, in Maine, in 1613, and was there taken prisoner. He was subsequently Rector of the College at Paris, but was again sent to Canada, in 1625. Two years afterwards he returned to France for supplies, but, on reaching the mouth of the St. Lawrence, in the summer of 1629, the captain learned that Quebec had been taken by the English. In endeavoring to sail back, the vessel was lost. Father Lalemant thus describes the shipwreck, in a letter to his Superior. We translate from the French, as published by the illustrious Champlain, in the edition of his voyages which appeared at Paris in 1632.

## LETTER.

“ ‘The Lord chastising has chastised me ; but he hath not delivered me over to death.’ ”—(Psalms cxvii. 18.) A chastisement the more severe, as the shipwreck has been attended by the death of the Rev. Father Philibert Noyrot, and of our brother, Louis Malot, two men who would, it seems to me, have been of great service to our seminary. Yet, as God has so disposed, we must seek consolation in his holy will, out of which there never was a solid or contented mind, and I am sure that experience has shown your reverence that the bitterness of our sorrows, steeped in the sweetness of God’s good pleasure, when a soul binds itself indissolubly to that, loses all or most of its gall, or, if some sighs yet remain, for past or present afflictions, it is only to aspire the more for heaven, and meritoriously perfect that conformity in which the soul has resolved to spend the rest of its days.

“Of the four members of our Society in the ship, God, dividing equally, has taken two and left the two others. These two good religious, well disposed, and resigned to death, will serve as victims to appease God’s wrath justly excited against us for our faults, and to render his goodness favorable henceforth to the success of our designs.

“What destroyed our vessel was a violent south-wester, which arose when we were off the coast ; it was so impetuous that, with all the care and diligence of our captain and crew, with all the vows and prayers which we could offer to avert the blow, we could not avoid

being driven on the rocks, on the 26th day after our departure, feast of St. Bartholomew, about 9 o'clock in the evening. Of twenty-four that were in the vessel, only ten escaped; the rest were engulfed in the waves. Father Noyrot's two nephews shared their uncle's fate. We interred the bodies of several, among others, of Father Noyrot and Brother Louis. Of seven others, we have had no tidings in spite of all our search.

“To tell you how Father Vieuxport and I escaped, would be difficult, and I believe that God alone knows, who, according to the designs of his divine providence, has preserved us; for, for my own part, not deeming it possible, humanly speaking, to avoid the dangers, I had resolved to stay in the cabin with Brother Louis, preparing ourselves to receive the death stroke, which could not be delayed over three *Misereres*, when I heard some one calling me on deck. Supposing that my assistance was needed, I ran up and found that it was Father Noyrot, who asked me to give him absolution. After giving it, and singing the *Salve Regina* with him, I had to stay on deck; for there was no way to get below; for the sea was so high and the wind so furious, that, in less than a moment, the side on the rock went to pieces. I was close by Father Noyrot when a wave broke so impetuously against the side where we were standing, that it dashed it to pieces, and separated me from Father Noyrot, from whose lips I heard these last words: ‘*Into thy hands I commend my spirit.*’ For my own part, this same wave left me struggling amid four fragments of the wreck, two of which struck me so violently on the chest, and the other two on the back, that I expected to be killed before sinking forever; but, just



then, another wave disengaged me from the fragments, sweeping off my cap and slippers, and scattered the rest of the ship over the sea. I fortunately fell on a plank to which I clung ; it was connected with the rest of the side of the ship. There we were then at the mercy of the waves, which did not spare us, rising I cannot tell how many feet above our heads, and then breaking over us. After floating thus a long while in the dark, for night had set in, I perceived, on looking around me, that I was near the shore of what seemed to be an island, which almost surrounded us, and was covered with brambles. Looking a little more attentively, I made out six persons not far from me, two of whom perceiving me, urged me to do my best to join them ; this was not easy, for I was greatly enfeebled by the blows I had received from the fragments of the wreck. I exerted myself, however, so much that, by the help of my planks, I at last reached them, and by their aid got on the mainmast, which was still fast to part of the ship. I was not here long ; for, as we got nearer the island, our sailors quickly got ashore, and, by their help, all the rest of us were soon there. There we were, seven in all ; I had no hat or shoes ; my cassock and clothes all torn, and my body so bruised that I could scarcely stand up, and, in fact, they had to support me to enable me to reach the wood. I had two severe contusions on the legs, especially the right one, which is still painful ; my hands cloven open and bruised ; my hip torn, and my chest much injured. We now retired to the wood wet as we came from the sea. Our first care was to thank God for preserving us, and to pray for those who were lost. That done, we lay down



close by each other in order to try and get warm, but the ground and the grass, still wet with the heavy rain, was not much fitted to dry us. Thus we spent the rest of the night, during which Father Vieuxport, who, thank God, was unhurt, slept well. The next morning, at daybreak, we began to examine the spot where we were, and found it to be an island from which we could pass to the main land. On the shore we found many things that the sea had thrown up ; among which I picked up two shoes, a cap, hat, cassock, and other necessary articles. Above all, Providence sent us, in our want, five kegs of wine, ten pieces of pork, oil, bread, cheese, and a gun and powder, which enabled us to strike a fire. After we had thus gathered all we could, on St. Louis' day, all set to work to do their best to build a boat out of fragments of the wreck, in which to coast along till we found a fishing-smack. We set to work with the wretched tools we found, and it was pretty well advanced on the fourth day, when we perceived a craft sailing towards the spot where we were. They took on board one of our sailors, who swam out near to where they were passing, and took him to their captain. That worthy man, hearing of our misfortunes, let down his boat, and came ashore to offer us a passage. We were thus saved ; for, the next day, we all slept on board. It was a Basque vessel, fishing about a league and a half from the rock where we struck, and, as their fishing season was far from being gone, we stayed with them the rest of August and all the month of September. On the first of October, an Indian came to tell the captain that, if he did not sail, he ran a risk of being taken by the English. This news

made him give up his fishing, and prepare for the voyage home. The same Indian told us that Captain Daniel was building a house twenty-five leagues off, and had some Frenchmen there with one of our fathers. Father Vieuxport had already pressed me very hard to let him stay with this Indian, who was really one of the best that could be found. I now told him, "Here, father, is a means of satisfying your reverence. Father Vimont will not be sorry to have a companion. This Indian offers to take you to Daniel's place; if you wish to stay there, you may; if you wish to spend a few months with the Indians and learn the language, you may do so, and both Father Vimont and yourself will be satisfied." The good father was quite delighted at the opportunity, and set off in the Indian's canoe. I let him have all we had saved, except the large painting which our Basque captain had taken, and which I would have made him give up, if another disaster had not befallen us. We left the coast on the sixth of October, and after more violent storms than I had yet ever seen, on the fortieth day of our voyage, as we were entering a port near San Sebastian in Spain, we were a second time wrecked. The vessel went into a thousand pieces, and all the fish was lost. All that I could do was to get into a boat in slippers and nightcap as I was, and, in that guise, go to our Father's at San Sebastian. I left there a week after, and, on the 20th of the present month, reached Bourdevac, near Bordeaux.

"Such was the issue of our voyage, by which you may see how great reason we have to be thankful to God.

CHARLES LALEMANT, S. J.

*Bordeaux, November 22, 1629."*

Although thus twice wrecked, and once a prisoner, Father Lalemant was not to be repulsed from the Canada mission. He came out again in 1634, and began his projected school at Quebec. After attending Champlain on his death-bed, he returned to France, and died at the advanced age of eighty-seven, having been successively rector of the colleges of Rouen, La Fleche, and Paris, and being, at the time of his death, Superior of the Professed House in his native city. Besides the foregoing narrative of his shipwreck, he wrote a Relation of the first Jesuit mission to Canada, published in the *Mercure François*, and "*Entretiens sur la vie cachée de Jesus Christ dans l'Eucharistie*," a new edition of which has just been published in France, edited by Father A. Cadres.

## CHAPTER II.

## CAPTIVITY OF FATHER ISAAC JOGUES AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

FATHER Isaac Jogues, the writer of the following narrative, was born at Orleans, in France, in 1607, and, embracing the rule of St. Ignatius, became a member of the Society of Jesus, in 1624. Although a poet and scholar, he sought a foreign mission, and was sent to Canada soon after his ordination in 1636. After a short stay at Miscou, he proceeded to the country of the Wendats or Hurons, in Upper Canada, and remained there amid every privation till 1642, when he was sent to Quebec by his Superior for necessaries of various kinds. On his return voyage, he was taken prisoner, and he thus relates his sufferings in a letter written from Renssalaerwick, now Albany, to the Provincial in France. The letter, which is in a pure and classic Latin, was first published by *Alegambe*, in his *Mortes Illustres*, and subsequently by *Tanner*, in his *Societas Militans*, both rare works. A sworn copy of the original letter is preserved at Montreal in manuscript.

## NARRATIVE.

REVEREND FATHER IN CHRIST—THE PEACE OF CHRIST.—Wishing, as I do, to write to your reverence, I hesitate first in which language to address you, for, after such long disuse, almost equally forgetful of both, I find equal difficulty in each. Two reasons, however,

induce me to employ the less common idiom. I shall be better able to use the words of Holy Scripture, which have been, at all times, my greatest consolation: "Amid the tribulations which have found us exceedingly."—Psalms xlv. 2. I also wished this letter to be less open to all. The exceeding charity of your reverence, which, in other days, overlooked my manifold transgressions, will excuse, in a man for eight years a companion and associate of savages, nay, a savage now himself in form and dress, whatever may be wanting in decorum or correctness. I fear more that, wanting in language, I may be still more so in knowledge, "nor know the time of my visitation," nor remember what character I here bear imposed on me by God as a preacher of his gospel, a Jesuit and a priest. This induced me to write to your reverence that, if this letter should ever reach your hands, I may, though lying here in this hard land, amid Iroquois and Maaquas, be helped by your masses, and the prayers of your whole province. This, I am in hopes, will be more earnestly given, when, from the perusal of this letter, you shall see, both how much I am indebted to the Almighty, and in what need I am of the prayers of the pious, in which, I am aware, I have a powerful shield.

We sailed from the Huron territory on the 13th of June, 1642, in four small boats, here called canoes; we were twenty-three souls in all, five of us being French. This line of travel is, in itself, most difficult for many reasons, and especially because, in no less than forty places, both canoes and baggage had to be carried by land on the shoulders. It was now too full of danger



from fear of the enemy, who, every year, by lying in wait on the roads to the French settlements, carry off many as prisoners; and, indeed, Father John Brebeuf was all but taken the year before. Besides this, not long before they carried off two Frenchmen, but afterwards brought them back to their countrymen unharmed, demanding peace on most unjust terms, and then conducted themselves in a very hostile manner, so that they were driven off by the cannons of the fort. On this, they declared that, if they took another Frenchman prisoner, they would torture him cruelly, like their other captives, and burn him alive by a slow fire. The Superior, conscious of the dangers I was exposed to on this journey, which was, however, absolutely necessary for God's glory, so assigned the task to me, that I might decline it if I chose; "I did not, however, resist; I did not go back;" (Isaias l. 5;) but willingly and cheerfully accepted this mission imposed upon me by obedience and charity. Had I declined it, it would have fallen to another, far more worthy than myself.

Having, therefore, loosed from St. Mary's of the Hurons, amid ever-varying fears of the enemy, dangers of every kind, losses by land and water, we at last, on the thirtieth day after our departure, reached in safety the Conception of the Blessed Virgin. This is a French settlement or colony, called Three Rivers, from a most charming stream near it, which discharges itself into the great river St. Lawrence, by three mouths. We returned hearty thanks to God, and remained here and at Quebec about two weeks.

The business which had brought us, having been concluded, we celebrated the feast of our holy Father

Ignatius, and, on the second of August, were once more on our way for Huronia. The second day after our departure had just dawned, when, by the early light, some of our party discovered fresh foot-prints on the shore. While some were maintaining that they were the trail of the enemy, others, that of a friendly party, Eustace Ahatsistari, to whom, for his gallant feats of arms, all yielded the first rank, exclaimed: "Brothers! be they the bravest of the foe, for such I judge them by their trail, they are no more than three canoes, and we number enough not to dread such a handful of the enemy." We were, in fact, forty, for some other had joined us.

We consequently urged on our way, but had scarcely advanced a mile, when we fell into an ambush of the enemy, who lay in two divisions on the opposite banks of the river, to the number of seventy in twelve canoes.

As soon as we reached the spot where they lay in ambush, they poured in a volley of musketry from the reeds and tall grass, where they lurked. Our canoes were riddled, but, though well supplied with fire-arms, they killed none, one Huron only being shot through the hand. At the first report of the fire-arms, the Hurons, almost to a man, abandoned the canoes, which, to avoid the more rapid current of the centre of the river, were advancing close by the bank, and in head-long flight, plunged into the thickest of the woods. We, four Frenchmen, left with a few, either already Christians, or at least Catechumens, offering up a prayer to Christ, faced the enemy. We were, however, outnumbered, being scarcely twelve or fourteen against thirty; yet we fought on, till our comrades, seeing fresh

canoes shoot out from the opposite bank of the river, lost heart and fled. Then a Frenchman named René Goupil, who was fighting with the bravest, was taken with some of the Hurons. When I saw this, I neither could, nor cared to fly. Where, indeed, could I escape, barefooted as I was? Conceal myself amid the reeds and tall grass, I could indeed, and thus escape; but could I leave a countryman, and the unchristened Hurons already taken or soon to be? As the enemy, in hot pursuit of the fugitives, had passed on, leaving me standing on the battle-field, I called out to one of those who remained to guard the prisoners, and bade him make me a fellow captive to his French captive, that, as I had been his companion on the way, so would I be in his dangers and death. Scarce giving credit to what he heard, and fearful for himself, he advanced and led me to the other prisoners.

Dearest brother, I then exclaimed, wonderfully hath God dealt with us! "but he is the Lord, let him do what is good in his sight;"—1 Kings iii. 18. "As it hath pleased him, so hath it come to pass, blessed be his name;" then, hearing his confession, I gave him absolution. I now turned to the Huron prisoners, and, instructing them one by one, baptized them; as new prisoners were constantly taken in their flight, my labor was constantly renewed. At length Eustace Ahatsistari, that famous Christian chief, was brought in; when he saw me, he exclaimed, "Solemnly did I swear, brother, that I would live or die by thee." What I answered, I know not, so had grief overcome me. Last of all, William Couture was dragged in; he too, had set out from Huronia with me. When he saw all in confusion,



he had, with the rest, taken to the woods, and, being a young man endowed with great gifts in body as well as in mind, had, by his great agility, left the enemy far behind. When he looked around and could see nothing of me, "Shall I," he said to himself, "abandon my dear Father, a prisoner in the hands of savages, and fly without him? Not I." Then returning by the path which he had taken in flight, he gave himself up to the enemy. Would that he had fled, nor swelled our mournful band! for, in such a case, it is no comfort to have companions, especially those whom you love as yourself. Yet such are the souls, who, though but laymen, (with no views of earthly reward,) serve God and the Society among the Hurons.

It is painful to think, even, of all his terrible sufferings. Their hate was enkindled against all the French, but especially against him, as they knew that one of their bravest had fallen by his hand in the fight. He was accordingly first stripped naked, all his nails torn out, his very fingers gnawed, and a broad-sword driven through his right hand. Mindful of the wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ, he bore, as he afterwards told me, this pain, though most acute, with great joy.

When I beheld him, thus bound and naked, I could not contain myself, but, leaving my keepers, I rushed through the midst of the savages who had brought him, embraced him most tenderly, exhorted him to offer all this to God for himself, and those at whose hands he suffered. They at first looked on in wonder at my proceedings; then, as if recollecting themselves, and gathering all their rage, they fell upon me, and, with their fists, thongs, and a club, beat me till I fell sense-

less. Two of them then dragged me back to where I had been before, and scarcely had I begun to breathe, when some others, attacking me, tore out, by biting, almost all my nails, and crunched my two fore-fingers with their teeth, giving me intense pain. The same was done to René Goupil, the Huron captives being left untouched.

When all had come in from the pursuit, in which two Hurons were killed, they carried us across the river, and there shared the plunder of the twelve canoes, (for eight had joined us.) This was very great, for, independent of what each Frenchman had with him, we had twenty packages containing church plate and vestments, books and other articles of the kind; a rich cargo indeed, considering the poverty of our Huron mission. While they were dividing the plunder, I completed the instruction of such as were unchristened, and baptized them. Among the rest was one sere, octogenarian chief, who, when ordered to enter the canoe to be borne off with the rest, exclaimed, "How shall I, a hoary old man, go to a strange and foreign land? Never! here will I die." As he absolutely refused to go, they slew him on the very spot where he had just been baptized.

Raising then a joyful shout which made the forest ring, "as conquerors who rejoice after taking a prey," (Isaias ix. 3,) they bore us off, twenty-two captives, towards their own land; three had been killed. By the favor of God our sufferings on that march, which lasted thirteen\* days, were indeed great—hunger, and

\* The Italian version of F. Bressani and the Latin, as given by Alegambe, say 88. The context suffices to correct this typographical fault, which is not in the Relation of 1646-7.

heat, and menaces, the savage fury of the Indians, the intense pain of our untended and now putrefying wounds, swarming even with worms; but no trial came harder upon me than when, five or six days after, they would come up to us, weary with the march, and in cold blood, with minds in no wise aroused by passion, pluck out our hair and beard, and drive their nails, which are always very sharp, deep into parts most tender and sensitive to the slightest impression. But this was outward; my internal sufferings affected me still more when I beheld that funeral procession of doomed Christians pass before my eyes, among them five old converts, the main pillars of the infant Huron church.

Indeed, I ingenuously admit, that I was again and again unable to withhold my tears, mourning over their lot and that of my other companions, and full of anxious solicitude for the future. For I beheld the way to the Christian faith closed by these Iroquois, on the Hurons, and countless other nations, unless they were checked by some seasonable dispensation of Divine Providence.

On the eighth day we fell in with a troop of two hundred Indians\* going out to fight. And as it is the custom for the savages, when out on war parties, to initiate themselves as it were by cruelty, under the belief that their success will be greater as they shall have been more cruel, they thus received us. First rendering thanks to the sun, which they imagine presides over war, they congratulated their countrymen by a joyful volley of musketry. Each then cut off some stout clubs in the neighboring wood in order to receive us.

\* This was on an island in Lake Champlain. Here the Latin text inserts some details not in the MS. of 1652.

When, therefore, we landed from the canoes, they fell upon us from both sides with their clubs, with such fury, that I, who was the last, and therefore most exposed to their blows, sank, overcome by their number and severity, before I had accomplished half the rocky way that led to the hill on which a stage had been erected for us. I thought I should soon die there; and so, partly because I could not, partly because I cared not, I did not arise. How long they spent their fury on me, he knows for whose love and sake I suffered all, and for whom it is delightful and glorious to suffer.— Moved at length by a cruel mercy, and wishing to carry me into their country alive, they refrained from beating me. And, thus half dead, and drenched in blood, they bore me to the stage. I had scarce begun to breathe, when they ordered me to come down, to load me with scoffs and insults, and countless blows on my head and shoulders, and indeed on my whole body. I should be tedious were I to attempt to tell all that the French prisoners suffered. They burnt one of my fingers, and crunched another with their teeth; others already thus mangled, they so wrenched by the tattered nerve, that, even now, though healed, they are frightfully deformed. Nor indeed was the lot of my fellow-sufferers much better.

But one thing showed that God watched over us, and was trying us rather than casting us off. One of these savages, breathing nought but blood and cruelty, came up to me, scarce able to stand on my feet, and, seizing my nose with one hand, prepared to cut it off with a large knife which he held in the other. What could I do? Believing that I was soon to be burnt at the

stake, unmoved, I awaited the stroke, groaning to my God in heart; when stayed, as if by a supernatural power, he drew back his hand in the very act of cutting. About a quarter of an hour after, he returned, and as if condemning his cowardice and faint-heartedness, again prepared to do it; when again held back by some unseen hand, he departed. Had he carried out his design, my fate was sealed, for it is not their custom to grant life to captives thus mutilated. At length, late at night, and last of all, I was taken to my captors, without receiving a morsel of food, which I had scarcely touched for several days. The rest of the night I spent in great pain.

My sufferings, great in themselves, were heightened by the sight of what a like cruelty had wreaked on the Christian Hurons, fiercer than all in the case of Eustace; for they had cut off both his thumbs, and, through the stump of his left, with savage cruelty, they drove a sharp stake to his very elbow. This frightful pain he bore most nobly and piously.

The following day we fell in with some other war-canoes, who cut off some of our companions' fingers, amid our great dread.

At last, on the tenth day, about noon, we left our canoes, and performed on foot, the rest of the journey, which lasted four days. Besides the usual hardships of the march, now came that of carrying the baggage. [Although my share of this was done quite remissly, both because I was unable, and because I disdained to do it, for my spirit was haughty, even in fetters and death; so that only a small package was given me to bear.] We were now racked by hunger, from the ever-



increasing want of food. Thus, three days in succession, (and when, on the fourth, we were met by a party from the village,) we tasted nothing but some berries, once gathered on the way. [For my part, I had, in the beginning of the march, neglected to avail myself of the food which our canoes had supplied abundantly, that I might not offer to their fire and torture, a strong and vigorous frame, for I ingenuously confess my weakness; and when my body worn down by fasting called for food, it found nothing but water; for, on the second day, when we halted, weary with our march, they set a large kettle on the fire as if to prepare food; but it was merely to enable us to drink as much as each chose of the water thus slightly warmed.]

At last, on the eve of the Assumption\* of the Blessed Virgin, we reached the first village of the Iroquois. I thank our Lord Jesus Christ, that, on the day when the whole Christian world exults in the glory of his Mother's Assumption into heaven, he called us to some small share and fellowship of his sufferings and cross. Indeed, we had during the journey always foreseen that it would be a sad and bitter day for us. It would have been easy for René and myself to escape that day and the flames, for, being unbound and often at a distance from our guards, we might, in the darkness of night, have struck off from the road, and even though we should never reach our countrymen, we would at least meet a less cruel death in the woods. He constantly refused to do this, and I was resolved to suffer all that could befall me, rather than forsake, in death, French-

\* F. Bressani and Alegambe say 18th, the MS. of 1652 says simply, *Vigilia Assumptionis*, which can only be the 14th or 18th.

men and Christian Hurons, depriving them of the consolation which a priest can afford.

On the Eve of the Assumption then about 3 o'clock we reached a river which flows by their village. Both banks were filled with Iroquois and Hurons formerly captured, now coming forth to meet us, the latter to salute us by a warning that we were to be burnt alive ; the former received us with clubs, fists and stones.

And as baldness or thin hair, a shaved, or lightly covered head is an object of their aversion, this tempest burst in its fury on my bare head. Two of my nails had hitherto escaped ; these they tore out with their teeth, and with their keen nails stripped off the flesh beneath to the very bones. When satisfied with the cruelties and mockeries which we thus received by the river side, they led us to their village on the top of the hill.

At its entrance we met the youth of all that district awaiting us with clubs, in a line on each side of the road.

Conscious that, if we withdrew ourselves from the ranks of those chastised, we no less withdrew ourselves from that of the children, we cheerfully offered ourselves to our God, thus like a father chastising us, that in us he might be well pleased. Our order was as follows : in the front of the line they placed a Frenchman, alas, entirely naked, not having even his drawers. René Goupil was in the centre, and I last of all closed the line, (we were more fortunate as they had left us our shirts and drawers.) The Iroquois scattered themselves through our lines between us and the Hurons, both to check our speed, and to afford more time and ease to our torturers, to strike us thus separately as we passed. Long and cruelly indeed did the "wicked work upon my

back," (Ps. cxxviii. 3,) not with clubs merely, but even with iron rods, which they have in abundance from their proximity to the Europeans ; \* one of the first, armed with a ball of iron of the size of a fist, slung to a thong, dealt me so violent a blow that I should have fallen senseless, had not fear of a second given me strength and courage. Running then our long race amid this fearful hail of blows, we with difficulty reached the stage erected in the centre of the village.

If each here presented a face to excite compassion, that of René was certainly the most pitiable. Being by no means quick or active, he had received so many blows all over his body, but especially on his face, that nothing could be distinguished there but the white of his eyes ; more beautiful truly as he more resembled him, whom we have beheld "as a leper, and smitten by God for us," "in whom there was no comeliness or beauty."—Isaias liii. 2.

We had but just time to gain breath on this stage, when one with a huge club gave us Frenchmen three terrible blows on the bare back ; the savages now took out their knives and began to mount the stage and cut off the fingers of many of the prisoners ; and, as a captive undergoes their cruelty in proportion to his dignity, they began with me, seeing, by my conduct, as well as by their words, that I was in authority among the French and Hurons. Accordingly, an old man and a woman approached the spot where I stood ; he commanded his companion to cut off my thumb ; she at first

\* The Dutch, who then had two forts, where they kept a continual trade ; New Amsterdam, now New York, and Renssalaerwick, or Fort Orange, now Albany, about ten or twelve leagues from the first village of the Mohawks.



drew back, but at last, when ordered to do so three or four times by the old wretch, as if by compulsion she cut off my left thumb where it joins the hand. [She was an Algonquin, that is, one of that nation which dwells near the French, in New France; she had been captured a few months before, and was a Christian. Her name was Jane. Surely it is pleasing to suffer at the hands of those for whom you would die, and for whom you chose to suffer the greatest torment rather than leave them exposed to the cruelty of visible and invisible enemies.]

Then, taking in my other hand the amputated thumb, I offered it to thee, my true and living God, calling to mind the sacrifice which I had for seven years constantly offered thee in thy Church. At last, warned by one of my comrades to desist, since they might otherwise force it into my mouth and compel me to eat it as it was, I flung it from me on the scaffold and left it I know not where.

René had his right thumb cut off at the first joint. I must thank the Almighty that it was his will that my right should be untouched, thus enabling me to write this letter to beg my dear fathers and brothers to offer up their masses, prayers, supplications and entreaties in the holy church of God, to which we know that we are now entitled by a new claim, for she often prays for the afflicted and the captive.

On the following day, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, after spending the morning on the stage, we were taken about mid-day to another village, some two miles distant from the first. As I was on the point of marching, the Indian who had brought me, loth to lose

my shirt, sent me off naked, except an old and wretched pair of drawers. When I beheld myself thus stripped, "Surely, brother," said I, "thou wilt not send me off thus naked, thou hast taken enough of our property to enrich thee." This touched him, and he gave me enough of the hempen bagging in which our packages had been put up, to cover my shoulders and part of my body. But my shoulders, mangled by their blows and stripes, could not bear this rough and coarse cloth. On the way, while scarcely and at last not at all covered by it, the heat of the sun was so intense, that my skin was dried as though in an oven, and peeled off from my back and arms.

As we entered the second village, blows were not spared, though this is contrary to their usual custom, which is to be content with once bastinadoing the prisoners. The Almighty surely wished us to be somewhat likened in this point to his apostle, who glories that he was thrice beaten with rods ; and although they received us with fewer blows than the last, their blows were the more cruel, since, being less embarrassed by the crowd, they were better aimed ; some striking constantly on the shins to our exquisite pain.

The rest of the day we spent on the stage, and the night in a hut tied down half naked to the bare ground, at the mercy of all ages and sexes. For we had been handed over to the sport of the children and youth who threw hot coals on our naked bodies, which, bound as we were, it was no easy matter to throw off. In this manner they make their apprenticeship in cruelty, and from less, grow accustomed to greater. We spent there two days and nights with scarcely any food or sleep, in great an-

guish of mind as far as I was concerned. For, from time to time, they mounted the stage, cutting off the fingers of my Huron companions, binding hard cords around their fists with such violence, that they fainted, and, while each of them suffered but his own pain, I suffered that of all; I was afflicted with as intense grief as you can imagine a father's heart to feel at the sight of his children's misery; for, with the exception of a few old Christians, I had begotten them all recently in Christ by baptism.

Yet amid all this the Lord gave me such strength that, suffering myself, I was able to console the suffering Hurons and French. So that, both on the road and on the stage, when the tormenting crowd of "saluters," (for so they call those who wreak their cruelty on the captives as they arrive,) had dropped away, I exhorted them, at one time generally, at another individually, to preserve their patience, nor lose confidence which would have a great reward; to remember "that, by many tribulations it behooves us to enter the kingdom of heaven;" that the time was come indeed, foretold to us by God, when he said: "Ye shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy;" that we were like to a "a woman in travail, who, when she brings forth, hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but, when she has brought forth, no longer remembers her anguish for joy that a man is born into the world;" (John xvi. 21;) so should they feel assured that, in a few days, these momentary pains would give place to never-ending joys. And surely I had reason to rejoice when I beheld them so well disposed, especially the older Christians, Joseph,\* Eustace,† and

\* Tondechoren.

† Ahatsistari.

the other two ; for, on the very day that we reached the first village, Theodore had freed himself from his bonds ; but, as during the battle he had had his shoulder blade broken by the but-end of a musket, he died on his way to the French.

Never till now had the Indian scaffold beheld French or other Christians captives. So that, contrary to usual custom, we were led around through all their villages to gratify the general curiosity. The third, indeed, we entered scathless, but on the scaffold a scene met my eyes more heart-rending than any torment ; it was a group of four Hurons, taken elsewhere by some other party, and dragged here to swell our wretched company. Among other cruelties every one of these had lost some fingers, and the eldest of the band his two thumbs. Joining these, I at once began to instruct them, separately, on the articles of faith ; then, on the very stage itself, I baptized two, with rain-drops gathered from the leaves of a stalk of Indian corn, given us to chew ; the other two, I christened as we were led by a stream on our way to another village. At this place, cold setting in after the rain, we suffered extremely from it, as we were entirely uncovered. Often shivering with cold on the stage, I would without orders come down and enter some hut, but I had scarcely begun to warm myself when I was commanded to return to the scaffold.

William Couture had thus far lost none of his fingers ; this, exciting the displeasure of an Indian in this village, he sawed off the fore finger of his right hand in the middle ; the pain was most excruciating as for this amputation he employed not a knife, but in its stead a kind of shell, there very abundant. As it could not cut

the sinews which were hard and slippery, he wrenched the finger so violently, that, when the sinews gave way, the poor fellow's arm swelled fearfully up to the very elbow. An Indian, touched by mercy, took him to his hut and kept him there two days which we spent in that village ; leaving me in ignorance and great anxiety as to his fate.

At nightfall, we were taken to a hut where the youth awaited us. They ordered us to sing as other captives are wont to do ; we at last complied, for alas, what else could we do ? but we sang the "Canticles of the Lord in a strange land." Torture followed the chanting, and its fury burst especially on René and myself, for the good savage still kept William in his hut. Accordingly, on me, and especially on René, they threw hot ashes and live coals, burning him terribly in the breast.

They next hung me up between two poles in the hut, tied by the arms above the elbow with coarse rope woven of the bark of trees. Then I thought I was to be burnt, for this is one of their usual preliminaries. And that I might know that, if I had thus far borne anything with fortitude or even with patience, these came not from myself, but from Him who gives strength to the weary ; now, as though left to myself in this torture, I groaned aloud, for "I will glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may dwell in me," (2 Cor. xii. 9,) and from my intense pain, I begged my torturers to ease me some little from those hard, rough ropes. But God justly ordained that the more I pleaded, the more tightly they drew my chains. At last when I had been hanging thus about a quarter of an hour, they unloosed me as I was on the point of fainting. I render thee thanks, O



Lord Jesus, that I have been allowed to learn, by some slight experience, how much thou didst deign to suffer on the cross for me, when the whole weight of thy most sacred body hung not by ropes, but by thy hands and feet pierced by hardest nails ! Other chains followed these, for we were tied to the ground to pass the rest of the night. What did they not then do to my poor Huron companions thus tied hand and foot ? What did they not attempt on me ? But once more I thank thee, Lord, that thou didst save me, thy priest, ever unsullied from the impure hands of the savages. When we had thus spent two days in that village, we were led back to the second which we had entered, that our fate might be finally determined.

We had now been for seven days led from village to village, from scaffold to scaffold, become a spectacle to God and to his angels, as we may hope from his divine goodness ; a scoff and jeer to the vilest savages, when we were at last told that that day should end our lives amid the flames. Though, in sooth, this last act was not without its horrors, yet the good pleasure of God and the hope of a better life subject to no sin rendered it more one of joy. Then, addressing my French and Huron companions as it were for the last time, I bid them be of good heart, amid their mental and bodily sufferings to think “diligently upon him that had endured such opposition of sinners against himself not to be weary, fainting in their minds,” (Heb. xii. 3,) but to hope that the morrow would unite us to our God to reign forever.

Fearing lest we might be torn from one another, I especially advised Eustace to look towards me when we

could not be together, and by placing his hands on his breast and raising his eyes to heaven to show his contrition for his sins, so that I could absolve him, as I had already frequently done after hearing his confession on the way, and after our arrival. As advised, he several times made the signal.

The sachems, however, on further deliberation, resolved, that no precipitate step was to be taken with regard to the French, and, when they had summoned us before the council, they declared that our lives were spared. To almost all the Hurons likewise they granted their lives: three were excepted, Paul, Eustace and Stephen, who were put to death in the three villages which make up the tribe; Stephen in the village where we were, known as Andagoron, Paul in Ossernenon, and Eustace in Teonontogen. The last was burned in almost every part of his body and then beheaded; he bore all most piously, and while it is usual for dying captives to cry out:

“*Exoriatur nostris ex ossibus ultor,*”

“May an avenger arise from our ashes,”

he, on the contrary, in the Christian spirit which he had so deeply imbibed in baptism, implored his countrymen standing around, not to let any feeling for his fate prevent the concluding of a peace with the Iroquois. Paul Ononhoratoon, who, after going through the usual fiery ordeal was tomahawked in the village of Ossernenon, was a young man of about twenty-five, full of life and courage; for such they generally put to death, to sap as it were the life-blood of the hostile tribe. With a noble contempt of death arising, as he openly professed

on the way, from his hope of a better life, this generous man had repeatedly, when the Iroquois came up to me to tear out my nails, or inflict some other injury, offered himself to them, begging them to leave me and turn their rage on him. May the Lord return him a hundred fold with usury for that heroic charity, which led him to give his life for his friends, and for those who had begotten him in Christ in bondage!

Towards evening of that day they carried off William Couture, whom they regarded as a young man of unparalleled courage, to Teonontogen, the farthest village of their territory, and gave him to an Indian family. It is the custom of these savages, when they spare a prisoner's life, to adopt him into some family to supply the place of a deceased member, to whose rights he in a manner succeeds; he is subject thenceforward to no man's orders except those of the head of that family, who, to acquire this right, offers some presents. But seeing that René and I were less vigorous, they led us to the first village, the residence of the party that had captured us, and left us there till some new resolution should be taken.

After so many a long day spent fasting, after so many sleepless nights, after so many wounds and stripes, and especially after such heart-rending anguish of mind, when at last time was, so to speak, given us to feel our sufferings, we sank into a state of helplessness, scarce able to walk, or even stand erect: neither night nor day brought a moment of repose; this resulted from many causes, but chiefly from our still untended wounds; this state was rendered more trying by the myriads of lice, fleas and bedbugs, of which the maimed and mutilated state



of our fingers did not permit us to clear our persons. Besides this, we suffered from hunger; more truly here than elsewhere is the saying,

*"Cibus non utilis ægro."*

*"Food is hurtful to the sick."*

So that, with nothing to add to their American corn, (which in Europe we call Turkish,) carelessly bruised between two stones, but unripe squashes, we were brought to the brink of the grave; and René, especially, whose stomach refused this food, and who, from his many wounds, had almost lost his sight.

The Indians then, seeing us fail day by day, hunted up in the village some small fishes and some bits of meat dried by the fire and sun, and, pounding these, mixed them with our sagamity.

After three weeks, we were just recovering from our illness when they sought to put us to death.

The two hundred Indians who had maltreated us so on the way, advanced into New France, to the point where the River Iroquois, so called from them, empties into the great river St. Lawrence; here, seeing a party of the French engaged in laying the foundations of Fort Richelieu,\* they thought they could easily kill some and carry off the rest as prisoners. Accordingly, to the number of two hundred, in a single column and almost all armed with muskets, they rushed almost unexpected upon the whites engaged in the various

\* This fort was begun on the 13th of August, 1642, at the place now called Sorel, and must not be confounded with the one built by Champlain under that name in 1634, on the Isle of St. Croix, 15 leagues above Quebec, and which soon disappeared.

works. At the first onset of the foe, the French, though but a handful compared to the number of the savages, flew to arms, and so bravely and successfully repulsed their fierce assailants, that, after killing two, and wounding many more, they put the rest to flight. The war party returned furious, and, as though they had been greatly wronged who had gone forth to do wrong, demanded the death of those of us who were yet alive. They asserted it to be a shame that three Frenchmen should live quietly among them when they had so lately slain three Iroquois. By these complaints, René's safety, especially, and my own, were in great jeopardy. He alone, who, as he gave, protecteth life, warded off the blow.

On the eve of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, one of the principal Hollanders, who have a settlement not more than twenty leagues\* from these Indians, came with two others,† to endeavor to effect our liberation. He remained there several days, offered much, promised more, obtained nothing. But, as they are a wily and cunning race of savages, in order not to appear to refuse all that a friend asked, but to concede something to his desires, they lyingly asserted that they would, in a few days, restore us to our countrymen. This was, perhaps, the wish of some of them, but, in the latter part of September; (for constant rain had put the matter off till that time,) a final council was held on our fate, although

\* We leave this, although we cannot reconcile it with distances elsewhere given.

† These were Arends Van Curler, Jacob Jansen, and John Labadie. Van Curler, the Corlear of history, then commanding the post, generously offered 260 piastres as a ransom for the French.

provisions had been prepared and men appointed to take us back. Here the opinion of the few well inclined was rejected. Confusion carried the day, and some clamorous chiefs declared that they would never suffer a Frenchman to be taken back alive. The council broke up in alarm, and each, as if in flight, returned home, even those who came from other villages. Left thus to the cruelty of bloodthirsty men, attempts were constantly made on our lives. Some, tomahawk in hand, prowled around the cabins to find and despatch us. However, towards the close of the council, God had inspired me with some thought that induced me to draw my companions together without the village in a field belonging to the house where I was; here, ignorant of what had transpired, we lay hid as it were in safety, until the storm, beneath which we should all have fallen, had we remained in the village, was somewhat calmed.

William was, after this, taken back by his master, to his own village; René and I, perceiving that there was now no hope of our return, withdrew to a neighboring hill, which commands the village, in order to pray. Here, remote from every witness, and from all officious intrusion, we resigned ourselves entirely to God and to his holy will; on our road back to the village, we were reciting our beads, and had already completed four decades of the rosary, when we met two young men who commanded us to return to the village. "Dear brother," said I, "we know not what may be, in this period of general excitement, the design of these men. Let us commend ourselves earnestly to God, and to the most Blessed Virgin, our good Mother." We had reached the village in prayer, when, at its

very entrance, one of the two whom we had met, plucking forth his tomahawk which was concealed in his dress, dealt René so deadly a blow on the head, that he fell lifeless, invoking the most holy name of Jesus as he fell. We had happily, mindful of the indulgence thereby gained, often reminded each other to close our life by uttering, with our dying voice, that most holy name.

At the sight of the reeking hatchet, I knelt down on the spot, and, uncovering my head, awaited a like blow. But, when I had been there a moment or two, they bade me rise, as they had no right to kill me, for I was the slave of another family. Rising then in haste, I ran to my still breathing companion, and conferred absolution, which I was in the habit of giving him after his confession every other day; then two other blows, dealt before my very face, added him to the number of the blessed. He was thirty-five years of age, eminent for his simplicity of manners, his innocence of life, his patience in adversity, entirely submissive to God, whom he, in all things, regarded as present before his eyes, and resigned to his most holy will in love. Most worthy is he, Reverend Father, to be counted among thy children, not only because he had spent several months in one of the novitiates of the Society, in a most edifying manner, and had afterwards, by the command of Superiors, to whom he gave the entire disposal of his life, proceeded to Huronia, to aid the Christian population by his medical knowledge, but especially does he merit it from the fact, that, a few days before his death, impelled by a desire of uniting himself more closely to God, he pronounced

the usual vows of the Society to subject himself to it as far as in him lay. And certain it is that, in life as in death, where his last word was the most holy name of Jesus, he had proved himself no unworthy son of the Society. Nay, I not only love him as a brother, but revere him as a martyr—martyr to obedience, and still more, a martyr to the faith and to the cross. As he was very pious, and accustomed to be with the Christians, or such as were most intimate with our Christians, he daily spent a long time in prayer, to the wonder and even suspicion of the savages, so novel did it seem to them. These suspicions were confirmed in their minds when one day, taking off the cap of a child in the hut where he lived, he made him make a sign of the cross on his breast and forehead; for a superstitious old Indian, the grandfather of the boy, seeing this, ordered him to be killed. This I afterwards learned from the boy's mother, who told me that he had been killed by the old man for that reason.

But to resume my narrative: after I had been seated a little while in our hut, where my life had been pretty quiet, I was taken to another, the hut of him who had cut off my thumb, a most bitter enemy of the Algonquins, and consequently of the French. Here, not I alone, but the other Iroquois, every moment expected to see me tomahawked. Accordingly, some who had given me articles of clothing, that I might, in part at least, cover my person, now asked them back, for fear of losing them by my death.

The next day, I was filled with the greatest anxiety to know what had become of my dear companion, that I resolved to look for his body at all hazards, and com-



mit it, if possible, to the earth. After stripping it entirely, they had contemptuously tied a rope around the neck, and dragging it through the village, had flung it into a ravine at a considerable distance. As I was going out of the village, I met the old man in whose hut I had formerly been ; he advised me to stay at home. " Whither art thou hurrying ? " he exclaimed, " thou art scarce alive ; they seek thee everywhere to slay thee, and yet thou goest to find an already putrefying corpse ; dost thou not see those fierce young braves, who are about to kill thee ? " Some, in fact, went out of the village armed, just before me ; but I fearlessly pursued my way ; for, in my bitter anguish, it was a pain to live, a gain to die in such a work of charity. When the old man saw me so resolute, he asked another Indian to go with me. By his assistance, I found the body, which the dogs had begun to gnaw about the hips, and, sinking it in the deepest part of the torrent, covered it with a heap of stones, intending to return the next day with a spade, and bury it secretly and alone, for I was afraid they would disinter it.

As I re-entered our hut, two young men were waiting to take me to their village to put me to death. Aware of their design, I told them that I was in the hands of those with whom I lived, that if they gave the slightest consent, I would accompany them, and would in fact have done so. Seeing that they gained nothing in this way, the next day one of them who, at the time of our capture, had been wounded with his brother, seeing me in the field whither I had gone to execute some order of my owners, seized a hatchet and was rushing on me to kill me, when he was stopped by an old man of our

family, and prevented from accomplishing his design. Thus did the Almighty teach me “to cast all my solicitude on him,” knowing that he hath care of me, and that I should not fear the face of a man when the Almighty was the protector of my life, without whose permission not a hair could fall from my head.

As I could not that day accomplish my design, early the next morning I proceeded to the spot with a spade or hoe to inter the body, but alas, they had carried off my brother. I returned to the spot; I descended the mount at the foot of which the torrent ran; I descended again; I searched the wood on the opposite side,—all, all in vain. The torrent ran swollen by the night rains, but, unrestrained by either its depth or the cold, for it was the first of October, I tried the bottom with my stick and feet, as I thought that the stream might have borne it to another spot; I asked all whom I met, whether they knew anything of him; but as they are a most lying race, and always give an affirmative answer without regard to truth, they falsely told me that he had been dragged to a quite distant river.\* What groans did I not utter then! What tears did I not shed, mingling them with the waters of that mountain stream, chanting to thee, my God, the psalms thy holy Church employs in the service of the dead!

When, however, the snows had melted away, I heard from the young men that they had seen the scattered bones of the Frenchman. Hurrying to the spot, I gathered up the half-gnawed bones, the remnants left by the

\* This river was evidently the Mohawk, and the town Andagoron lay near a stream running into it. Andagoron or Gandagoron, was afterwards called Gandawague, now written Caughnawaga.



dogs, the foxes and the crows, and especially the skull fractured in many places; these reverently kissing, I committed to the earth, that I might, one day, if such were God's will, bear with me as a great treasure to a consecrated Christian land.

From many other dangers, which I knew and knew not, did the Lord rescue me, in spite of all the ill will and hate of the Iroquois, unwilling and furious as the Iroquois were. But the following I should not omit. There was in our cabin an idiot who asked me to let him cut off two hands' breadth from a wretched bit of cloth not seven palms long, yet all that I had to cover me. Brother! said I, you see me shivering every night under this short thin covering; yet do as thou wilt. My modest excuse offended him, and when soon after I went to the huts of the baptized Hurons, whom I daily instructed and bore again till Christ should be formed in them, (Gal. iv. 19,) he came in search of me, and fiercely bade me return. When I had entered our cabin, René's murderer was sent for, that the same hand might end both our lives; they looked for him in vain, he could not be found. I was accordingly sent the next day into a field of my master's with two women, under the pretext of bringing back some article or other, but in fact to expose me to death; for, two days before, the only son of one of their noble women had died in our cabin, and I was to be sacrificed to his *manes*.

These women had with them the squashes, corn and other articles of the kind which were to be the fee of my executioner. "But I, like a deaf man, heard not" the vain things they devised, "and like a dumb man opened not my mouth, and I became like a man that heareth not,

nor hath a reply in his mouth," (Ps. xxxvii. 14,) "because in thee, O Lord, have I hoped ;" but, mindful of his meekness "who was led like a lamb to the slaughter," (Acts viii. 32,) I went to my death, begging the Lord with David "to turn away evil from my enemies and scatter them in his truth."—Ps. liii. 7. About midway we met the looked-for murderer ; seeing him coming at a distance, I commended myself for the last time to God, begging him to receive my life spent with care and anguish ; but my sins still rendered me unworthy. He passed quietly by us, and meeting his mother, she addressed some words, of what import I know not, to those who conducted me ; on this, trembling and fleeing as it were, they left me in the road, for they saw that I was aware of their design.

Amid this frequent fear and death, while every day I die, or rather drag on a life more bitter than any death, two months glided away. During this time I made no effort to learn their language, for why should I, who every moment expected to die ? The village was a prison for me. I avoided being seen. I loved the wild wood, where I begged the Lord not to disdain to speak to his servant, to give me strength in such fearful trials, in which, indeed, if I have become a prodigy to many, God was my stout Helper, and often by his unfailing goodness roused my drooping spirits. I had recourse to the Holy Scriptures, my only refuge in the tribulations, which had found me exceedingly : these did I venerate ; with these I wished to die. Of all the books which we were carrying to Huronia for the use of the Frenchmen living there, none had fallen into my hands but the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, with the paraphrase of the Rt.

Rev. Anthony Godeau, Bishop of Gratz. This little book, with a picture of St. Bruno, the illustrious founder of the Carthusian Order, to which some indulgences were attached, and a rude wooden cross which I had made, I always carried about me, so that, whenever death, which I had ever present before my eyes, should strike me down, I could most cheerfully die with the Holy Scriptures which had ever been my greatest consolation, with the graces and indulgences of my most holy Mother the Church, whom I had always greatly, but now most tenderly, loved, and with the cross of my Lord and Savior.

And now the middle of October was come when the Indians leave their villages to go and hunt deer, which they take by traps, or kill with their guns, in the use of which they are very skilful. This season, to the Indians one of relaxation and enjoyment, brought its new burden of sorrows for me ; for I was given to a party, who were first amazed at me, then ridiculed, and at last began to hate me.

Mindful of the character imposed upon me by God, I began with modesty to discourse with them of the adoration of one only God, of the observance of his commandments, of heaven, hell, and the other mysteries of our Faith, as fully as I was able. At first, indeed, they listened, but when they saw me constantly recur to these things, and especially when the chase did not meet with the desired success, then they declared that I was an Otkon,\* who caused them to take so little game. But what turned their ill-will into perfect rage and fury, so to speak, was this : It is a custom with all these nations to have recourse, in their hunting, fishing, war, sickness,

\* Demon.

and the like, to a certain demon whom they call Aireskoi. Whoever desires his fishing, hunting, or other expeditions to be successful, takes meat, and other of the better articles of food, and begs the oldest of the house or village to *bless* them for him, if I may use the term ; and there are some to whose blessings they attach more value than to others. The old man, standing opposite the one that holds the meat, in a loud and distinct voice, speaks thus : “ O, demon Aireskoi, behold, we offer this meat to thee, and from it we prepare thee a banquet, that thou mayest eat thereof, and show us where the deer are lurking, mayest lead them into our traps ; ”—(if not during the chase)—“ that by thee we may again behold the spring, taste the new harvest, and again engage in the chase in the fall ; ”—(if in illness)—“ that by these we may recover health.”

The very first time I heard a formula couched in such words, I was filled with a deep detestation of this savage superstition, and firmly resolved to abstain forever from meats thus offered. They interpreted this abstinence on my part, and this contempt of their demon, as the cause of their taking so little game ; “ the wicked have hated me without cause.”—John xv. 25. As, under the influence of this hate, they would neither listen to my instructions, nor help me to acquire their language, in which I refuted their fables, I resolved to devote my time entirely to spiritual exercises. Accordingly, I went forth every morning from the midst of this Babylon, that is, our hut where constant worship was paid to the devil and to dreams, and “ saved myself in the mountain,” (Genesis xix. 17,) a neighboring hill. Here I had formed a large cross on a majestic tree by

stripping off the bark, and, at its foot, I spent the whole day with my God, whom, almost alone in those vast regions, I worshipped and loved ; sometimes in meditation or in prayer, at other times reading an "Imitation of Christ," which I had just before recovered. This for some time was unperceived ; but, on one occasion, finding me, as was my wont, in prayer before my cross, they attacked me most violently, saying that they hated the cross ; that it was a sign that they and their friends the neighbors, (Europeans,) knew not, alluding to the Dutch Protestants.

Upon this, I changed my conduct, and whereas I had before carefully avoided praying or kneeling in their hut, that I might not give them the slightest reason to complain, (for we should, especially among savages, but little accustomed to such things, act in all prudence,) I now conceived that I should no longer refrain from those pious exercises which make up a spiritual life, a life I far preferred to my temporal one. This I believed would be serviceable to them when the moment of their conversion should come, "which the Father hath put in his own power."—Acts i. 7.

While thus an object of their enmity, I certainly suffered much from hunger and cold, the contempt of the lowest of the men, the bitter hatred of their women.

The latter, who are the greatest gainers by the hunting season, regarded me as the cause of their want and poverty. I suffered most from hunger ; for, as almost all the venison on which they chiefly lived had been offered to the devil in these oblations, I spent many days fasting ; and, almost every night, when I came in fasting, I would see our Egyptians sitting over their flesh-



pots, which my severe, though self-imposed law, prevented my touching. And, although reasons occurred to me, at times dissuading me from this course, yet, by God's grace, I never suffered myself to break my resolution, but in hunger said to my God: "We shall be filled with the good things of thy house."—Psalms lxiv. 5. "I shall be satisfied when thy glory shall appear."—Ib. xvi. 15. "When thou wilt truly fill the desire of thy hungry servants in thy holy city, Jerusalem, which thou wilt fill forever with the fat of corn."—Ib. cxlvii. 14.

I suffered also greatly from cold, amid the deep snows under my scanty, worn-out cloak, especially at night, when ordered to sleep uncovered on the bare ground on some rough bark; for, though they had plenty of deerskins, perfectly useless to them, not one was given to me; nay, when sometimes on a very bitter night, I would, overcome by the cold, secretly take one, they rose at once and pulled it from me; so great was their enmity against me. My skin was now in such a state that I could with David say: "It had withered with the filth of dust."—Job vii. 5. It burst with cold, and gave me great pain all over my body. But when inward afflictions came crowding on these outward cares, then indeed my grief became intolerable. I remembered that I had been recently covered with the life's blood of my dearest companion; and those who came from William's village told me he had already been put to death with exquisite tortures, and that I myself, on my return, was to meet the same fate. With this came up the remembrance of my past life, stained with so many sins, and so unfaithful to God, and I

grieved that I was thus to be torn away unaided by any of the sacraments in the very midst of my course, rejected as it were by God, with no good works sent on to plead my cause. In this state, loathing life, yet shrinking from death, I uttered many a mournful cry, and said unto my God : “ When shall sorrows and miseries have an end ? How long wilt thou forget our want and our tribulation ? When, after this tempest, wilt thou give us calm, and, after weeping, joy and exultation ? And, had not those days been shortened, my flesh had not been saved.”—Mark xiii. 20.

I had recourse to my wonted refuge of the Scriptures, my usual retreat, and passages which my memory had retained taught me how I should think of God in goodness, even though not upheld by sensible devotion ; that I should know that the just man lives by faith. I searched them ; I followed their stream, and sought, as it were, to quench my daily thirst. “ I meditated on the law of God night and day.”—Psalms i. 2 ; and, “ had not the law of God been my meditation, I had then, perhaps, perished in my abjection.”—Psalms cviii. 92. “ And my soul had passed through a water unsupportable.”—Psalms cxxiii. 5. “ But, blessed be God, who did not give us a prey to the teeth of our enemies.”—Psalms cxxii. 6. “ Whose hour had come and the power of darkness.”—Luke xxii. 53. In which we “ were overmuch oppressed.”—2 Cor. i. 8. So that I was weary of life, and could say with Job, though in a different meaning, “ Although he should kill me, I will trust in him.”—Job. xiii. 15.

Thus passed two months away in this retreat, where,



like St. Bernard, the disciple of the trees of the forest, I thought of naught but God, until become an object too hateful to all to be any longer borne with, I was sent back to the village before the usual time. During the way, which took us eight days, "I was become like a beast of burden before God," (Psalms lxxii. 23,) under the heavy load of venison which I carried; and, being ignorant what fate might await me at the village, endeavored to be ever united with him, for a party that had gone before had spread many reports about me. My sufferings in this journey, from the intense cold, were extreme; for I was nearly naked, and we generally passed the night in the open air.

My unhealed fingers were another source of misery; for the wounds were hardly closed by the middle of January. In the village, however, a thin skin was added to my worn out cloak; in this wretched guise I traversed the streets of our village, begging that the Lord would one day join me with his saints who formerly served him in "sheepskins and goat-skins, distressed, afflicted, of whom the world was not worthy."—Hebrews xi. 37. And I daily saw the Indians well dressed in the cloth and garments which our baggage had plentifully supplied, while I was shivering night and day with cold; but this was little; more was I moved to see these heathen men unworthily profane things dedicated to the service of God. One of them had made himself leggings of two of the veils used at mass: "Non hos servatum munus in usus."\*

\* An object not destined to such a use.—Aen. iv. 64.

I can in truth say, before God, of all that period up to mid-January, "Even unto this hour, we both hunger and thirst, and are naked and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode. And we labor, working with our hands; we are reviled, and we bless; we are persecuted, and we suffer it; we are ill-spoken of and we entreat; we are made as the refuse of this world, the off-scouring of all even until now."—1 Cor. iv. 11.

When, in the middle of January, my owners returned from the chase, they, in a manner, dressed me in skins, until a Lorrainese who lived among our Dutch neighbors, hearing that I suffered greatly from cold, sent me from his house, a dress, such as they usually sell to the Indians. This brought some slight alleviation to my pains, but I found still greater in the care of an old woman, whose only son had died not long before. She was of very noble rank in the nation, for barbarism, too, has its nobles; she took care of me, and the Lord gave me grace in her eyes, yet all this was but a slight solace in such woe.

When I saw that my life was at last in some sort spared, I applied myself to the study of the language, and, as our cabin was the council hall, not only of the village, but of almost all that country, I began to instruct the oldest on the articles of our faith. They, too, put me many questions, as to the sun, and moon, the face, which seemed to appear on his disk, of the circumference of the earth, of the size of the ocean, its tides, whether, as they had heard, the heavens and the earth anywhere met each other; adapting my philosophy to their reach, I satisfied them on all these; then, indeed, they began to wonder, and say, "Indeed, we

should have lost a great treasure, had we put this man to death, as we have been so often on the point of doing." Then I endeavored to raise their minds from creatures, to a knowledge of the Creator; I confuted their old wives' tales of the creation of the world, which their fable makes out to have been created by a tortoise; the sun was, I showed them, not only without an intellect, but even a lifeless mass, much less a God; "that if, delighted by its appearance, they believed it to be a God, they should know that the Lord was much more beautiful than it;" that Aireskoi, whom they falsely asserted to be the Author and Preserver of life, and the Giver of all the good things which they enjoyed, was not a God but a demon. Were they as easy in belief as they are easy to be convinced, the matter would soon be settled. But the prince of the world expelled from almost every quarter of the globe, by the power of the cross, seems to have retreated into these regions, as his last stronghold; so that the kingdom which this strong man armed has possessed here for so many thousand years, can be overthrown only in lapse of time, and by unconquerable constancy on the part of the soldiers of Christ. From time to time, however, Christ, their true Lord and Lord of all, chooses some for himself, not only among the infants, many of whom are now in heaven, but even among adults, some of whom I baptized in sickness or in bondage.

Many other native adults I instructed, but some refused to listen to me, others rejected me, others assented with their lips, merely from a kind of politeness which makes them consider it rude to contradict you; and without attention to which, many would be

deceived. I sometimes even made excursions to the neighboring villages, to console and instruct the Christian Hurons, "who had not bent their knee before Baal," and to absolve them after hearing their confessions ; to announce God everywhere as far as I was able, to succor the dying, but especially to save infants in danger of death. This was my only solace in my bitterest mental pangs ; and once, with this view, I visited a neighboring village, and there baptized five children ; I learnt, soon after, in another excursion, that all had been called to heaven.

In these and like exercises, therefore, and attempts to study their language, (for what study can there be without writing ?) two months glided by. About the middle of March, when the snow had melted away, they took me with them to their fishing ground. We accordingly started ; the party consisted of the old man and woman, a little boy and myself ; four days' travel brought us to a lake where we caught nothing but a few little fishes.

The intestines of these generally served as a seasoning for our sagamity, the fish being laid by to carry back to the village.

Such food as this, with the intestines of deer full of blood, and half putrefied excrement, and mushrooms boiled, and rotten oysters, and frogs, which they eat whole, head and feet, not even skinned or cleaned ; such food, had hunger, custom, and want of better, made, I will not say tolerable, but even pleasing. How often, in those journeys, and in that quiet wilderness, "did we sit by the rivers of Babylon, and weep, while we remembered thee, Sion," not only exulting in heaven,

but even praising thy God on earth! "How often, though in a strange land, did we sing the canticle of the Lord;" and mountain and wildwood resound with the praises of their Maker, which from their creation they had never heard! How often, on the stately trees of the forest, did I carve the most sacred name of Jesus, that, seeing it, the demons might fly, who tremble when they hear it! How often on them too, did I not strip off the bark, to form the most holy Cross of the Lord, that the foe might fly before it, and that by it, thou, O Lord, my king, "mightst reign in the midst of thy enemies," the enemies of thy cross, the misbelievers and the pagans who dwell in that land, and the demons who rule so powerfully there! I rejoice, too, that I had been led by the Lord into the wilderness, at the very time when the church recalls the story of his Passion, so that I might more uninterruptedly remember the course of its bitterness and gall, and my soul might pine away at the remembrance.—Jer. iii. 20.

Accordingly, after performing the services which I owed as a slave to my masters, the slave of savages, (my occupation being to cut and bring in wood for the hut,) I spent almost all my time before a large cross which I had formed on a huge tree at a considerable distance from the hut. But I was not long allowed to enjoy this holy repose; indeed, too many days had I passed, unharmed by my wonted terrors. On Monday, in Holy Week, an Indian came to us from our village; the reason of his coming was this. Ten Iroquois, among whom was the son of the man who had cut off my thumb, and in whose hut I now dwelt, had gone out on a war-party about mid-summer. (Summer, fall,



and even the whole winter, passed without their being heard of,) they were consequently given up, especially as neighboring nations said that they had fallen victims to the cruelty of the enemy. But when, early in the spring, a captive was brought in during our absence, who, being also questioned as to them, gave the same answer, and said that they had been killed; then, indeed, deeming beyond a doubt, what they already believed to be true, they sacrificed that very captive to the *manes* of the young brave, the son of my master.

But the soul of this captive seemed too vile to atone for the life of the noble youth. I was accordingly sent for, from the lake where we were, that, together with him, I might compensate for the death of the chief. Such, at least, was the conclusion to which one or two old women and a decrepit old man had come. We consequently set out the next day, as if in flight, and, as a pretext, they said that parties of the enemy were around us. We reached the village towards evening, on Maundy Thursday. The morrow, which had closed the Savior's life, was now to close mine also! when it pleased him, who, by dying on that day, had given life to my spirit, to give it also to my body. Accordingly, on that day when I was to have been put to death, a rumor was first spread without any good authority, that those supposed to be dead were still alive; then it came that they had joined another war party, and were now bringing in twenty-two captives.

Thus did God scatter the malignant designs of the savages, instructing and showing me that he took care of me, that I should cast myself wholly on him, conscious that he would not recoil and let me fall.

Although I naturally rejoiced to be rescued from these and other dangers, yet I sighed to see myself again given over to new sorrows and heart-breaking torments, compelled me to drag on a life more painful than the most cruel death. For the success, as well as the reverses of these men, fell heavily on me alone ; if any one was slain in battle, I was at once demanded as a victim to be offered to his shade. But if, as was generally the case, they brought in prisoners after having killed more, my heart was always rent with grief, for they were either Frenchmen or allies of the French.

Naturally, therefore, did I prefer retirement and solitude, where, far from the villages, I was no longer dismayed at the wonted cruelty of these savages, and where I could better and more freely hold converse with God. Yet knowing, that, though Lia was bleary-eyed, she was more fruitful than Rachel, and bore more children ; mindful, too, of the Institute of our Society, which prefers our neighbor's salvation to our private spiritual delights, I reluctantly remained at home ; for the village enabled me to make greater progress in the language, and to secure the salvation of infants and adults by baptism ; for I was greatly grieved whenever, during my absence, an adult died without instruction or a child without baptism.

To return to our war party : they came in bringing twenty-two prisoners, but belonging to a nation with whom they had as yet never been at war ; still, in violation of all right and justice, they were beaten with clubs and stripes, and mutilated by the usual cutting off of fingers. Five of them were to be put to death, for all the rest, being boys and girls, or women, were kept



as slaves. Their instruction was now an object of my solicitude, for I was ignorant of their language ; yet by God's grace I was able, by a few words that I picked up, but chiefly by the kindness of one who knew both languages, to instruct and baptize them. This happened at Easter. At Whitsuntide, they brought in new prisoners, three women with their little children, the men having been killed near the French settlements. They were led into the village entirely naked, not even with any kind of petticoat on ; and, after being severely beaten on the way, had their thumbs cut off. One of them, a thing not hitherto done, was burnt all over her body, and afterwards thrown into a huge pyre. And worthy of note is a strange rite I then beheld, when this woman was burnt ; at each wound which they inflicted, by holding lighted torches to her body, an old man in a loud voice exclaimed, "Demon Aireskoi, we offer thee this victim, whom we burn for thee, that thou mayst be filled with her flesh, and render us ever anew victorious over our enemies." Her body was cut up, sent to the various villages and devoured ; for about mid-winter, grieving as it were, that they had refrained from eating the flesh of some prisoners, they had in a solemn sacrifice of two bears, which they offered to their demon, uttered the words, "Justly dost thou punish us, oh, Demon Aireskoi ; lo ! this long time we have taken no captives ; during the summer and fall, we have taken none of the Algonquins. (These they consider properly their enemies.) We have sinned against thee, in that we ate not the last captives thrown into our hands ; but, if we shall ever again capture any, we promise thee to devour them as we now consume

these two bears ;” and they kept their word. This poor woman I baptized in the midst of the flames, unable to do so before, and then only while raising a drink to her parched lips.

On the eve of St. John the Baptist, of whom it is written “that many shall rejoice at his birth,” a new weight was added to my usual sorrows; eleven Hurons and a Frenchman were brought in; three Frenchmen and ten Hurons, among them some of the most celebrated Christians, had been killed, treacherously circumvented by a show of friendship. Of these, they bore the scalps or hair, which they tear off with the skin, from their fallen enemies. I certainly felt, in my own person, this punishment deserved by my sins, and pronounced of old by God to his people, when he said “that their new moons, their festivals, and solemnities should be turned into grief and sorrow,” as Easter and Whitsuntide, and the nativity of St. John the Baptist, each brought sorrows on me, to be afterwards increased to agony by the slaughter of a hundred Hurons, most of whom, racked by fearful torments, were burnt to death in the neighboring cantons. “Wo is me, wherefore was I born to see the ruin of my people.”—1 Mach. ii. 7.

Verily, in these, and like heart-rending cares, “my life is wasted with grief, and my years with sighs;” (Ps. xxx. 2,) “for the Lord hath corrected me for mine iniquity, and hath made my soul waste away as a spider.”—xxxviii. 12. “He hath filled me with my bitterness, he hath inebriated me with wormwood, (Lament. iii. 15,) because the comforter, the relief of my soul, is far from me,” (i. 16.) “but, in all these things, we overcome,” and by the favor of God will

overcome, "because of him that hath loved us," (Rom. viii. 37,) until "he come that is to come and will not delay (Heb. x. 37,) until my day like that of a hireling come, (Job vii. 1,) or my change be made."—xiv. 14. Although I could, in all probability, escape either through the Europeans or the savage nations around us, did I wish to fly, yet on this cross, to which our Lord has nailed me beside himself, am I resolved by his grace to live and die. For who in my absence would console the French captives? who absolve the penitent? who remind the christened Huron of his duties? who instruct the prisoners to be brought in from time to time? who baptize the dying, encourage them in their torments? who cleanse the infants with the saving waters? who provide for the safety of the dying adults, the instruction of those in health? And indeed I cannot but think it a peculiar interposition of divine goodness, that while on one side a nation fallen from the true Catholic religion barred the entrance of the faith to these regions, and on the other a fierce war between savage nations, and on their account with the French did the same, I should have fallen into the hands of these Indians, who, by the will of God, reluctantly, and, I may say, against their will, have, thus far, spared my life, that through me, though unworthy, those might be instructed, believe and be baptized, who are predestined to eternal life. Since the time when I was taken, I have baptized seventy, children, young and old, of five different nations and languages, that of every tribe, and people, and tongue, they might stand in the sight of the Lamb.—Apoc. vii. 9.

Therefore do I daily bow my knees to the Lord and

to the Father of my Lord, that, if it be for his glory, he may confound all the designs of the Europeans and savages, for ransoming me or sending me back to the whites. For many of the Indians speak of my being restored, and the Dutch, among whom I write this, have frequently offered, and now again offer, to rescue me and my companions. I have twice visited them and been most kindly welcomed; they leave no stone unturned to effect our deliverance; and have made many presents to the Indians with whom I am, to induce them to treat me humanely.

But I am now weary of so long and so prolix a letter; I therefore earnestly beg your reverence, ever to recognize me, though unworthy, as one of yours; for, though a savage in dress and manner, and almost without God in so tossed a life, yet, as I have ever lived a son of the most holy Church of Rome, and of the Society, so do I wish to die. Obtain for me from God, Reverend Father, by your holy sacrifices, that although I have hitherto but ill employed the means he gave me to attain the highest sanctity, I may at least employ well this last occasion which he offers me. Your bounty owes this surely to your son who has recourse to you, for I lead a truly wretched life, where every virtue is in danger. Faith in the dense darkness of paganism; hope in so long and hard trials; charity amid so much corruption, deprived of all the Sacraments. Purity is not indeed here endangered by delights, yet it is amid this promiscuous and intimate intercourse of both sexes; in the perfect liberty of each to hear and do what he pleases, and most of all in their constant nakedness. For here, willing or not, you must often see what elsewhere is

shut out, not only from wandering, but even from curious eyes. Hence I daily groan to my God, begging him not to leave me without help amid the dead; begging him, I say, that amid so much impurity and such superstitious worship of the devil to which he has exposed me, naked as it were, and unarmed, "my heart may be undefiled in his justifications," (Ps. cxviii. 80,) so that, when that good Shepherd shall come, "who will gather together the dispersed of Israel," (Ps. cxlvi. 2,) he may gather us from among the nations to bless his holy name. Amen! Amen!—Ps. cv. 47.

Your Reverence's

Most humble servant and son in Christ,

ISAAC JOGUES.

Permit me, through your Reverence, to salute all my dear Fathers and Brothers, whom I tenderly love and cherish in Christ, and to commend myself to their Holy Sacrifices and Prayers.

Your most humble servant and son in Christ,

ISAAC JOGUES.

Renssalaerswyck in New Netherland, }  
August 5, 1643. }

This letter was written, as we shall see by the next, after the holy missionary had left the Mohawk villages for the last time, unconscious as he was while penning it at Renssalaerswyck, our modern Albany, where the kind-hearted Dutch, impelled by their minister, Dominie Megapolensis, showed him every courtesy and kind sympathy.



They had already enabled him to write to Monsieur de Champflour, Governor of Three Rivers, in a jargon of French, Latin and Huron, the following lines :

SIR :—This is my fourth letter since I fell into the hands of the Iroquois. Time and paper prevent my repeating here, what I have already given you at length. Couture and I, are yet alive. Henry, a young man taken at Montreal, was brought in on St. John's eve. He did not run the gauntlet on entering the village, nor has he lost any fingers as we did ; he is alive, as well as all the Hurons brought in with him. Be on your guard everywhere. New parties are constantly setting out, and you must rely on it that the river will not be free from the enemy before the fall. The Iroquois here are about seven hundred ; they have three hundred arquebusses and handle them well. They can reach Three Rivers by different streams. Fort Richelieu gives them a little more trouble, but does not hinder them. The Iroquois say that if those who took and killed the French at Montreal, had known how you acted in rescuing the Sokokiois from the hands of the Algonquins, they would not have done so. They had set out in mid-winter, before the news came. For all that, a new party has just set out, and Mathurin's man, (F. Brebeuf knows him well,) is with them, and leads the band, as he did at our capture last year. This troop desires and intends to take French as well as Algonquins. Do not let any consideration for me prevent your doing what may be for God's glory.

The design of the Iroquois, as far as I can see, is to take all the Hurons, if they can, put to death the most eminent, and a good part of the rest, and make, of the



two, one people and one land. I feel great compassion for these poor people, many of whom are Christians, others Catechumens, prepared for Baptism. When shall these evils be stopped? When they are all taken? I received many letters from the Hurons with the Relation taken at Montreal. The Dutch have wished to deliver us, but in vain. They are now making another effort, but will be, I think, equally fruitless. I am more and more resolved to stay here, as long as it shall please our Lord, and not go away, even if an occasion should offer. My presence consoles the French, Hurons and Algonquins. I have baptized more than sixty persons, many of whom are now in heaven. This is my only consolation, with the will of God, to which I most cheerfully unite mine.

I beg you to recommend them to offer prayers and masses for us, and especially for him, who desires ever to be

Your most humble servant,

ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.

Iroquois Village, June 30th, 1643.

The following letter gives the account of his escape.

REVEREND FATHER:—THE PEACE OF CHRIST.—On the very day of the feast of our holy Father Ignatius, (July 31,) I left the village where I was a prisoner to follow and accompany some Iroquois who were going first to trade, then to fish. Having got through their traffic, they proceeded to a place seven or eight leagues below the Dutch post, which is on the river where we were fishing. While arranging our weirs for the fish, a report reached us that an Iroquois war party, returned

from the Huron hunt, had killed five or six on the spot, and brought in four prisoners, two of whom had been already burnt at our village with more than common cruelty.

At these tidings, my heart was rent with most keen and bitter grief, that I had not seen, consoled or baptized these poor victims. Fearful that something of the kind might happen again during my absence, I went to a good old woman, who, from her age and her care of me, as well as from her compassion for my sufferings, called me her nephew, as I called her, aunt. "Aunt," said I, "I would much rather go back to our cabin, I am very lonesome here." I did not indeed expect more comfort or less pain at the village, where I suffered a continual martyrdom, compelled to witness before my eyes the horrible cruelties they perpetrate, but my heart could not bear that one should die, without my affording him baptism. "Go! nephew," said this good woman, "go, if you are tired of this place, and take something to eat on the way." I accordingly embarked in the first canoe going up to the village, always conducted, and always accompanied, by Iroquois.

On reaching the Dutch post, through which we had to pass, I learned that our village was furious against the French, and that they only awaited my return to burn me. The reason of all was this. Among the war parties against the French, Algonquins and Hurons was one that resolved to go and prowl around Fort Richelieu to spy the French and their Indian allies. A certain Huron of this band taken by the Iroquois, and naturalized among them, came to ask me for letters to carry to the French, hoping perhaps to surprise some one by this

bait ; but, as I had no doubt the French would be on their guard, and I saw the importance of giving them some inkling of the designs, arms and treachery of our enemy, I found means to get a bit of paper to write on. The Dutch did me this charity.

I knew well the danger to which I exposed myself. I was well aware that, if any mishap befell the party, I would be made responsible, and the blame thrown on my letters. I foresaw my death, but it seemed to me sweet and agreeable, employed for the public good, and the consolation of our French, and the poor Indians who listen to the word of Jesus Christ. My heart was undisturbed by fear at the sight of all that might happen—God's glory was concerned.

So I gave my letter to the young brave who never returned. The story given by his comrades is, that he carried it to Fort Richelieu, and that, as soon as the French saw it, they fired their cannon at them ; that, alarmed at this, most of them took to flight, all naked, leaving one of their canoes, in which were three arquebuses, powder, ball, and other baggage. When this news was brought into the village, the cry was raised that my letter had caused them to be treated so. The rumor spread around ; it reached my ears ; I was taunted with the mishap ; they talked of nothing but burning me ; and, had I been found in the village when these braves returned, fire, rage, and cruelty, had deprived me of life.

To increase my misfortune, another party returning from the neighborhood of Montreal, where they had laid an ambush for the French, said that two of their party had been killed, and two wounded. All made

me guilty of these mishaps. They were now beside themselves with rage, and impatient for my return. All these reports I heard, offering myself unreservedly to our Lord, and resigning myself all in all to his most holy will.

The commander of the Dutch post where we were, aware of the evil design of the savages, and aware, too, that the Chevalier de Montmagny had prevented the Canada Indians from coming to kill the Dutch, had offered me means of escape. "Here," said he, "lies a vessel at anchor, to sail in a few days. Get privately on board. It is bound first to Virginia, whence it will carry you to Bordeaux or Rochelle, where it must stop." Thanking him with much respect and courtesy, I told him that the Iroquois would suspect them of favoring my escape, and perhaps do some injury to their people. "No! no!" he replied, "do not fear, get on board, it is a fine opportunity, and you will never find a surer way of escaping."

At these words, my heart was perplexed. I doubted whether it was not for the greater glory of our Lord to expose myself to the danger of savage fury and flames, in order to aid in the salvation of some soul. I therefore replied; "This affair, sir, seems to me so important, that I cannot give you an answer on this spot; give me, if you please, to-night to think it over. I will recommend it to our Lord; I will examine the reasons on both sides, and will tell you my final resolution in the morning." Greatly astonished, he granted my request. The night I spent in prayer, earnestly imploring our Lord not to let me adopt a conclusion myself, but to give me light to know his most holy will;

that, in all, and through all, even to the stake itself, I would follow it. The reasons to retain me in the country were the consideration of the French and Indians ; I loved them, and felt so great a desire to be of aid to them, that I had resolved to pass the rest of my days in this captivity, for their salvation ; but now I beheld the face of affairs entirely changed.

First, as for the three Frenchmen, brought prisoners like myself into the country, one, René Goupil, had been massacred at my feet. This young man was as pure as an angel. Henry, taken at Montreal, had fled to the woods ; because, while he was beholding the cruelties perpetrated on two Hurons roasting alive, some Iroquois told him that they would treat him so and me too, as soon as I got back. This threat made him resolve to run the risk of starving in the woods, or being devoured by some wild beast, rather than endure the torments inflicted by these half demons. He had not been seen for seven days. As to William Couture, I could scarcely see any means of being of service to him for he had been put in a village at a distance from mine, and the Indians kept him so busy here and there, that I could no longer find him. He had, moreover, himself told me, “ Father, try to escape ; as soon as I see no more of you, I will manage to get off. You know well that I remain in this captivity only for your sake ; do your best then to escape, for I cannot think of my own liberty or life, till I see you in safety.” Besides, this good young friend had been given to an old man, who assured him that he would let him go in peace, if I could effect my deliverance, so that I no longer saw any reason to remain on account of the French.



As to the Indians, instructing them was now out of the question, and almost hopeless ; for the whole country was so excited against me, that I no longer found means to speak to them or gain them ; and the Algonquins and Hurons kept aloof from me, as a victim destined to the flames, because they feared to come in for a share of the rage and hatred which the Iroquois bore me. I saw, too, that I had some knowledge of their language, that I knew their country and their strength, and that I could perhaps contribute better to their salvation in other ways, than by remaining among them. All this knowledge, it occurred to me, would die with me, if I did not escape. The wretches too, had so little intention of giving us up, that they committed an act of perfidy against the right and custom of all these nations. An Indian of the country of the Sokokiois, allies of the Iroquois, having been taken by the upper Algonquins, and brought to Three Rivers, or Quebec as a prisoner, was delivered, and set at liberty by the intervention of the Governor of New France, at the solicitation of our Fathers. The good Indian, seeing that the French had saved his life, sent beautiful presents, in the month of April, to deliver at least one of the French. The Iroquois retained the presents without setting one of us at liberty ; a treachery, perhaps, unexampled among these tribes, for they invariably observe the law, that whoso touches or accepts the present made him, must execute what is asked by the present. Accordingly, when they do not wish to grant what is desired, they send back the presents or make others in their stead.

But to return to my purpose ; having weighed before



God with all possible abstraction from self, the reasons for remaining among the Indians, and those for leaving, I concluded that our Lord would be more pleased with my taking the opportunity to escape.

As soon as it was day, I went to salute the Dutch governor, and told him the resolution I had come to before God; he called for the officers of the ship, told them his intentions, and exhorted them to receive and conceal me, in a word, to carry me over to Europe. They replied, that if I could once set foot in their vessel, I was safe; I should not leave it till I reached Bordeaux or Rochelle. "Cheer up, then," said the governor, "return with the Indians, and this evening, or in the night, steal off quietly and make for the river, there you will find a little boat, which I will have ready to take you to the ship." After most humble thanks to all those gentlemen, I left the Dutch the better to conceal my design; in the evening, I retired, with ten or twelve Iroquois, to a barn, where we spent the night; before lying down, I went out to see where I could most easily escape. The dogs then let loose, ran at me, and a large and powerful one, snapped at my bare leg, and bit it severely; I immediately entered the barn, the Iroquois closed the door securely, and, to guard me better, came and lay beside me, especially one who was in a manner appointed to watch me. Seeing myself beset with these mishaps, and the barn well shut and surrounded by dogs, that would betray me if I attempted to go out, I almost thought that I could not escape, and sweetly complained to my God, that, having given the thought of escaping, "He hath shut up my way with square stones, and in a spacious place my

feet.”—Lament. iii. 9. This whole night also, I spent without sleep ; towards day I heard the cocks crow ;—soon after a servant of the Dutch farmer who had received us into his barn entered by some door I did not see. I went up to him softly, and, not understanding his Flemish, made him a sign to stop the dogs barking ; he immediately went out, and I after him as soon as I had taken my little luggage, consisting of a Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, a following of Christ, and a wooden cross which I had made to keep me in mind of my Savior’s sufferings. Having got out of the barn without making any noise, or waking my guards, I climbed over a fence which enclosed the house, and ran straight to the river, where the ship was ; it was as much as my wounded leg could do, for the distance was a good quarter of a league. I found the boat as I had been told, but, as the tide had gone down, it was high and dry ; I pushed it to get it to the water, but, finding it too heavy, I called to the ship to send me their boat to take me on board. There was no answer ; I do not know whether they heard me ; be that as it may, no one appeared, and day was now beginning to reveal to the Iroquois the robbery which I had made of myself, and I feared to be surprised in my innocent crime. Weary of hallooing, I returned to my boat, and praying to the Almighty to increase my strength, I succeeded at last so well, by working it slowly on, and pushing stoutly, that I got it into the water. As soon as it floated, I jumped in, and reached the vessel alone, unperceived by any Iroquois. I was immediately lodged in the bottom of the hold, and, to hide me, they put a large box on the hatch. I was two days and two nights

in the hold of this ship, in such a state that I expected to be suffocated, and die of the stench, when I remembered poor Jonah, and prayed our Lord, "that I might not flee from his face," (Jonas i. 3,) nor depart from his will, but, on the contrary, "that he would infatuate all counsels," (2 Kings xv. 31,) that were not for his glory, and to keep me in the land of these heathen, if he did not approve my retreat and flight.

The second night of my voluntary imprisonment, the Minister of the Hollanders came to tell me, that the Iroquois had made much trouble, and that the Dutch settlers were afraid that they would set fire to their houses and kill their cattle. They have reason to fear them, for they are armed with good arquebuses. "If," I replied, "for my sake, this great tempest is upon you, cast me into the sea."—Jonas i. 12. If this trouble has been caused by me, I am ready to appease it at the loss of my life. I had never wished to escape to the injury of the least man in the colony.\*

At last, then, I had to leave my den; the sailors took umbrage, saying "that they had pledged their word in case I could set foot on the ship, and that they were now taking me off at the very moment when they should have brought me, had I not been there; that I had put my life in danger, by escaping on their promise, and that, cost what it might, they must stick to it." This honest bluntness touched me, but I begged them to let me go, as the captain, who had opened to me the

\* He could say no more; for, spent with suffering of mind and body, and with want of food, he fell senseless on the deck.—MS. of F. BUTEUX.

doorway of escaping, now asked me back.\* I was taken to his house, where he kept me concealed. These comings and goings were done by night, so that I was not discovered. In all this proceeding, I might have urged my own reasons, but it was not for me to speak in my own cause, but rather to follow the commands of others; I cheerfully submitted. At last, the captain told me that we must yield calmly to the storm, and wait till the minds of the Indians were appeased; in this advice all concurred. Here then I am a voluntary prisoner in his house, whence I write this. If you ask my thoughts in all this affair, I will tell you, First, that the vessel which had wished to save me has gone off without me. Second, that if our Lord does not, in an almost miraculous way, protect me, the Indians, who come and go here every moment, will discover me, and if they ever believe that I am still here, I must necessarily be restored to their hands.

Now when they had such fury against me before my flight, how will they treat me when I fall again into their power? I will die by no ordinary death; their fire, rage and new devised cruelties will wring out my life. Blessed be God's name forever! We are ever in the bosom of his divine and adorable Providence. "Yea, the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not, therefore; you are of more value than many sparrows," "not one of whom falls to the earth without your Father."—Luke xii. 7.

I have been hidden ten or twelve days, and it is hardly possible that an evil day will not come upon me.

\* By captain, he means apparently another than Van Curler, whom he calls governor, for he was not in his house.

In the third place, you will see our great need of your prayers, and of the holy sacrifices of all our Fathers. Give us this alms "that the Lord may render me fit to love him, patient to endure, constant to persevere in his holy love and service." This, and a little New Testament from Europe, are my sole desires. Pray for these poor nations that burn and eat each other, that they may come to a knowledge of their Creator, and render him the tribute of their love. "I am mindful of you in my bonds;" captivity cannot enchain my remembrance.

I am, in heart and affection, etc.

Rensselaerswyck, 30 August, 1643.

The Mohawks were not easily appeased, and Father Jogues remained a close prisoner for six weeks; so much neglected by his honest, but it would seem avaricious, host, that he actually suffered hunger and thirst, for though his excellent friend, Megapolensis, constantly sent him victuals from his own table, it was not always that his present reached the missionary. In a letter, written by Father Jogues after his return to France, we can pursue his history. Addressing Father Charles Lalemant, the first Superior of the Jesuit missions in Canada, already known to our readers, he says:—

“ RENNES, January 6, 1644.

“ ‘ Now I know in very deed that the Lord hath sent his angels and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the Jews.’—Acts xii. 11. The Iroquois came to the Dutch post about the middle of September, and made a great deal of disturbance, but at last received the presents made by the



captain who had me concealed. They amounted to about three hundred livres, which I will endeavor to repay. All things being quieted, I was sent to Manhattan, where the Governor of the country resides. He received me very kindly, gave me clothes, and passage in a vessel, which crossed the ocean in mid-winter.

“Having put in in England, I got on a collier’s vessel which brought me to Lower Brittany, with a night-cap on my head, in utter want of every thing, as you landed at St. Sebastian, but not after two shipwrecks.”\*

His companion from Albany was Dominie Bogardus, who showed the greatest affection for him, and welcomed him to his house in Manhattan. The Governor, William Kieft, also treated him with marked kindness, and the Missionary, now cured of his recent wound, had leisure to examine the state of the capital of the Dutch colony. His observations he afterwards committed to writing, and, as the manuscript has been lately made public, we insert it at large.

#### NEW HOLLAND,

Which the Dutch call, in Latin, *Novum Belgium*, in their own language, Nieuw Nederland, that is to say, New Low Countries, is situated between Virginia and New England. The mouth of the river, which some people call Nassau, or the Great North River, to distinguish it from another, which they call the South River, and from some maps that I have recently seen, I think Maurice River, is at 40 deg. 30 min. The channel is deep, fit for the largest ships, which ascend to Manhatte’s Island, which is seven leagues in circuit, and on which there is a fort, to serve as the commencement of a town to be built here, and to be called New Amsterdam.

\* See Relations, 1642-3, p. 284.



The fort, which is at the point of the island, about five or six leagues from the mouth, is called Fort Amsterdam ; it has four regular bastions mounted, with several pieces of artillery. All these bastions, and the curtains were, in 1643, but mounds, most of which had crumbled away, so that they entered the fort on all sides. There were no ditches. For the garrison of the said fort, and another which they had built still further up, against the incursions of the savages, their enemies, there were sixty soldiers. They were beginning to face the gates and bastions with stone. Within the fort there was a pretty large stone church, the house of the Governor, whom they call Director General, quite neatly built of brick, the storehouses, and barracks.

On the Island of Manhatte, and in its environs, there may well be four or five hundred men of different sects and nations ; the Director General told me that there were men of eighteen different languages ; they are scattered here and there on the river, above and below, as the beauty and convenience of the spot invited each to settle ; some, mechanics, however, who ply their trade, are ranged under the fort ; all the others were exposed to the incursions of the natives, who, in the year 1643, while I was there, actually killed some two score Hollanders, and burnt many houses and barns full of wheat.

The river, which is very straight, and runs due north and south, is at least a league broad before the fort. Ships lie at anchor in a bay which forms the other side of the island, and can be defended from the fort.

Shortly before I arrived there, three large ships of three hundred tons each had come to load wheat ; two found cargoes, the third could not be loaded, because

the savages had burnt a part of their grain. These ships came from the West Indies, where the West India Company usually keeps up seventeen ships of war.

No religion is publicly exercised, but the Calvinist; and orders are to admit none but Calvinists; but this is not observed; for there are in the Colony besides them Catholics, English Puritans, Lutherans, Anabaptists, here called Mnistes, Mennonists, etc. When any one comes to settle in the country, they lend him horses, cows, etc.; they give him provisions, all of which he returns as soon as he is at ease; and, as to the land, after ten years, he pays to the West India Company, the tenth of the produce which he reaps.

This country is bounded on the New England side by a river which they call the Fresche (Connecticut) River, which serves as a boundary between them and the English. The English, however, come very near to them, choosing to hold lands under the Hollanders, who ask nothing, rather than depend on English Lords, who exact rents, and would fain be absolute. On the other side, southward, toward Virginia, its limits are the river which they call the South (Delaware) River, on which there is also a Dutch settlement, but the Swedes have one at its mouth, extremely well supplied with cannons and men. It is believed that these Swedes are maintained by some Amsterdam merchants, who are not satisfied that the West India Company should alone enjoy all the commerce of these parts. It is near this river that a gold mine is reported to have been found.

See, in the work of the Sieur de Laet of Antwerp, the table and chapter on New Belgium, as he sometimes

calls it, or the map “Nova Anglia, Novu Belgium et Virginia.”

It is about forty years since the Hollanders came to these parts. The fort was begun in the year 1615; they began to settle about twenty years ago, and there is already some little commerce with Virginia and New England.

The first comers found lands fit for use, previously cleared by the savages, who formerly had fields here. Those who came later have cleared the woods, which are mostly of oak. The soil is good. Deer hunting is abundant in the fall. There are some houses built of stone; lime they make of oyster shells, great heaps of which are found here, made formerly by the savages, who subsisted in part by that fishery.

The climate is very mild. Lying at forty and two-thirds degrees, there are many European fruits, as apples, pears and cherries. I reached there in October, and found, even then, a considerable quantity of peaches.

Ascending the river to the forty-third degree, you meet the second Dutch settlement, which the tide reaches, but does not pass. Ships of a hundred and twenty tons can come up to it.

There are two things in this settlement, (which is called Rensselaerswyck, as if to say settlement of Rensselaers, who is a rich Amsterdam merchant)—first, a miserable little fort called Fort Orange, built of logs, with four or five pieces of Breteuil cannon, and as many swivels. This has been reserved, and is maintained by the West India Company. This fort was formerly on an island in the river; it is now on the main land, towards the Hiroquois, a little above the said island.

Second, a colony sent here by this Rensselaers, who is the Patroon. This colony is composed of about a hundred persons, who reside in some twenty-five or thirty houses, built along the river, as each found most convenient. In the principal house lives the Patroon's agent; the Minister has his apart, in which service is performed. There is also a kind of Bailiff here, whom they call the Seneschal, who administers justice. Their houses are merely of boards, and thatched, with no mason work except the chimneys. The forest furnishing many large pines, they make boards by means of their mills, which they have here for the purpose.

They found some pieces of ground already, which the savages had formerly cleared, and in which they sow wheat and oats for beer, and for their horses, of which they have great numbers.\* There is little land fit for tillage, being hemmed in by hills, which are barren. This obliges them to separate, and they already occupy two or three leagues of country.

Trade is free to all; this gives the Indians all things cheap, each of the Hollanders outbidding his neighbor, and being satisfied, provided he can gain some little profit.

This settlement is not more than twenty leagues from the Agniehronons, (Mohawks) who can be reached by land or water, as the river on which the Iroquois lie, falls into that which passes by the Dutch, but there are many low rapids, and a fall of a short half league, where the canoe must be carried.

\* The introduction of horses and of European fruits was much neglected by the French in Canada, and, even later than this date, an apple was a rarity.

There are many nations between the two Dutch settlements, which are about thirty German leagues apart; that is, about fifty or sixty French leagues. The Loups\* whom the Iroquois call Agotsagenens, are the nearest to Rensselaerswyck and Fort Orange. War breaking out some years ago between the Iroquois and the Loups, the Dutch joined the latter against the former, but four men having been taken and burnt, they made peace. Since then, some nations near the sea having killed some Hollanders of the most distant settlement, the Hollanders killed one hundred and fifty Indians, men, women and children. They having then, at intervals, killed forty Hollanders, burnt many houses, and committed ravages, estimated, at the time that I was there, at 200,000 liv. (two hundred thousand livres,) they raised troops in New England. Accordingly, in the beginning of winter, the grass being trampled down, and some snow on the ground, they gave them chase with six hundred men, keeping two hundred always on the move, and constantly relieving one another; so that the Indians, shut up in a large island, and unable to flee easily on account of their women and children, were cut to pieces, to the number of sixteen hundred, including women and children. This obliged the rest of the Indians to make peace, which still continues. This occurred in 1643 and 1644.

Three Rivers in New France, Aug. 3, 1646.

\* These are the Mohegans, whom Champlain, the first to know them, calls them "Mayganathicoise," which means "Wolf tribe," p. 173. The Indian name Mohegan has been preserved in English, but the French, translating their name, generally called them Loups, though Mohingan is not unfrequent. Champlain puts them two days' march from the Yroccis and three or four from the Dutch.



The sequel of the missionary's career can be shortly told. He left New York as we have seen in a small bark on the 5th of November, and, after much hardship, put into Falmouth, in England, having almost fallen into the hands of a Parliament cruiser. Here their bark was entered by robbers, and F. Jogues stripped of his hat and coat. Having seen a French collier, he went up to him, and though at first taken for a beggar, made known his real character, and obtained passage to the French coast, which he reached between Brest and St. Pol de Leon on Christmas day, early enough to satisfy his devotion by receiving communion, of which he had so long been deprived.

A good merchant took him to Rennes, unknown; he presented himself at the college of his order as one who brought news from Canada. The Rector, who was preparing to say mass, hurried to see the stranger, as soon as he heard the word Canada. Almost his first question was, as to Father Jogues, "Do you know him?" "I know him well," said the other. "We have heard of his capture by the Iroquois, and his horrible sufferings. What has become of him? Is he still alive?" "He is alive," said F. Jogues, "he is free, he is now speaking to you," and he cast himself at the feet of his astonished Superior to ask his blessing.

Once known, honors met him on every side; objects belonging to him were eagerly sought as relics; the Queen Regent even requested that he should come to Paris, that she might see so illustrious a sufferer. All this was painful to him, and it was not till three times summoned, that he proceeded to the Capital. He longed to return to Canada; but one thing prevented his departure. The mangled hands which had been reverently kissed by the Queen and Court of France, were an obstacle to his celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. A dispensation was needed. Urban VIII. then sat in the See of Peter, a Pope noted especially for the stringent rules which he introduced against any symptom of public veneration to the departed servants of God, until their life and virtues had been sifted and examined in the long and minute legal proceedings for canonization. Yet, when the application of Father Jogues was presented, and he had learned the story of his sufferings, he forgot his own laws, and exclaimed, as he granted it, "*Indignum esse Christi martyrem Christi non bibere sanguinem.*"

Nothing now detained the missionary in France, and early in the spring of 1644, he was again in Canada. The colony was on the



brink of ruin, but the Governor fortunately brought the Mohawks to offer peace. It was concluded at Three Rivers on the 12th of July, 1645. Father Jogues, though stationed at Montreal, was present, and an anxious observer of the state of feeling. The treaty was at last confirmed on the Mohawk, and again renewed on the St. Lawrence, with a request for a missionary. Conscious that all would turn to him, he wrote to a friend the following oft-cited letter :—

“Alas, my dear Father, when shall I begin to love and serve him whose love for us had no beginning? When shall I begin to give myself entirely to him, who has given himself unreservedly to me? Although I am very miserable, and have so misused the graces our Lord has done me in this country, I do not despair, as he takes care to render me better by giving me new occasions to die to self, and unite myself inseparably to him.

“The Iroquois have come to make some presents to our Governor to ransom some prisoners he held, and to treat of peace with him in the name of the whole country. It has been concluded to the great joy of the French. It will last as long as pleases the Almighty.

“To maintain it, and see what can be done for the instruction of these tribes, it is here deemed expedient to send some Father. I have reason to think I shall be sent, having some knowledge of the language and country. You see what need I have of the powerful aid of prayers, being amidst these savages. I will have to remain among them, almost without liberty to pray, without mass, without sacraments, and be responsible for every accident among the Iroquois, French, Algonquins, and others. But what do I say? My hope is in God, who needs not us to accomplish his designs. We

must endeavor to be faithful to him, and not spoil his work by our short-comings. I trust you will obtain me this favor of our Lord, that, having led so wretched a life till now, I may at last begin to serve him better.

“My heart tells me that if I have the happiness of being employed in this mission, *Ibo et non redibo*: but I shall be happy, if our Lord will complete the sacrifice where he has begun it, and make the little blood I have shed in that land, the earnest of what I would give from every vein of my body and my heart.

“In a word, this people is ‘a bloody spouse to me,’ ‘in my blood have I espoused it to me.’—Exod. iv. 25. May our good Master, who has purchased them in his blood, open to them the door of his gospel, as well as to the four allied nations near them.

“Adieu, dear Father, pray him to unite me inseparably to him.

“ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.”

The mission was at last resolved upon: in a council of the missionaries at Quebec, it was determined in April that Father Jogues should begin the new mission of the Martyrs.

He received the announcement at Montreal, and wrote as follows:

“REVEREND FATHER:

“The letter which it has pleased your Reverence to write, found me in my Retreat, and in the Exercises\* which I had begun, there being no canoe to carry our

\* To make a retreat or perform the spiritual exercises, is to give a certain time, usually eight days, to silence, prayer, meditation, pious reading, and self-examination. This is required annually by the rules of some religious orders, and is a common practice with the devout in Catholic countries, where suitable houses are to be found adapted for this temporary retirement.

letters. I chose this time, because the Indians, being at the chase, allow us to enjoy a greater silence.

“Would you believe, that on opening your letter my heart was at first seized with a kind of fear, that what I desire, and what my soul should earnestly desire, might arrive? Poor nature, mindful of the past, trembled; but our Lord, by his goodness, has given, and will again restore it calm.

“Yes, Father, I will all that our Lord wills, and I will it at the peril of a thousand lives. Oh! how I should regret to lose so glorious an occasion, when it may depend only on me that some souls be saved! I hope that his goodness, which has not abandoned me in the hour of trial, will aid me still. He and I are able to trample down every difficulty that can oppose the project.

“It is much to be ‘in medio nationis pravæ,’ without mass, without altar, without confession, without sacraments, but his holy will and divine Providence so will it.

“He who, by his holy grace, preserved us without these helps, for eighteen or twenty months, will not refuse us the same favor, for we do not thrust ourselves into this work, but undertaking this voyage solely to please him, without consulting all the repugnances of nature.

“As to all these comings and goings of the Iroquois, what I can say is, that I see very few from the first two towns; yet it is with them chiefly that we are concerned, as the last killed were of these villages. Scarcely any have come except from the last village, where Couture was, and they profess, at least, in words, not to come

as warriors in these parts. It is not, however, with these last that we must dwell, but with those whom we do not see.

“I thank you affectionately for sending me your *Huron rudiments*. Send the rest, when you please. What I need is chiefly prayers, formularies for confession, *et ejusdem generis*. I will thereby become your debtor, as I am already on so many grounds. I owe your Reverence the account of the ‘Capture and Death of good René Goupil,’ which I should have sent already. If the bearer of this give me time, I will send it along.

“If God wills that I go to the Iroquois, my companion must be virtuous, docile, courageous, and willing to suffer something for God. It would be well for him to know how to make canoes, so that we can go and return without calling on the Indians.”

The account of René Goupil here referred to still exists in manuscript, and as probably his last work, we insert it in this collection.

## CHAPTER III.

ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY AND DEATH OF RENE GOUPIL.

BY FATHER ISAAC JOGUES.

RENE GOUPIL was a native of Angers, who in the bloom of life earnestly asked admission into our novitiate at Paris, where he remained some months with great edification. His bodily ailments having deprived him of the happiness of consecrating himself in the holy state of religion as he had wished, he crossed over to New France, as soon as he grew better, to serve the society there, as he had not had the happiness of giving himself to it in the *old*. And to do nothing of his own head, though perfect master of his actions, he submitted himself entirely to the direction of the Superior of the mission, who employed him for two whole years in the meanest employments of the house, which he discharged with great humility and charity. They also gave him the care of tending the sick and wounded, in the hospital, a post he filled with great ability, for he was well skilled in surgery, and with equal love and charity, always beholding our Lord in the person of his patients. So sweet an odor of his goodness and other virtues did he leave in that place, that his memory is still in benediction there.

As we descended from the Hurons in July, 1642, we



asked the reverend Father Vimont to let us take him, as the Hurons greatly needed a surgeon, and he consented. It were impossible to express the joy of this good young man when the Superior told him to prepare for the voyage. He knew withal the great dangers on the river; he knew how furious the Iroquois were against the French, yet all this could not deter him from embarking for Three Rivers, at the slightest sign of HIS will, to whom he had voluntarily resigned all that concerned him.

We left there, (Three Rivers,) on the first of August, the morrow of the feast of our holy Father. On the second, we met the enemy, who divided into two bands, awaited us, with all the advantage, which a large number of picked men, fighting on land, can have over a smaller one of all kinds on the water in bark canoes.

Almost all the Hurons had fled into the wood, and, having left us, we were taken. Here his virtue was strikingly displayed, for, as soon as he was taken, he said: "Father! Blessed be God, he has permitted it, he has wished it, his holy will be done, I love it, I wish it, I cherish it, I embrace it with all my heart." While the enemy pursued the fugitives, I confessed him and gave him absolution, not knowing what was to befall us after our capture. The enemy having returned from the chase, fell on us with their teeth like furious dogs, tore out our nails and crunched our fingers, all which he endured with great patience and courage.

His presence of mind, in so distressing an accident, was shown, especially in his aiding me, in spite of his wounds, in instructing, as far as he could, the Huron prisoners, who were not yet Christians. As I was in-



structing them separately, and as they came to me, he reminded me that a poor old man named Ondsterraon, might well be one of those to be killed on the spot, it being their custom always to sacrifice some one to the heat of their rage. I instructed this old man carefully while the enemy were busied with the division of the booty of twelve canoes, a part of which were laden with necessaries for our Huron Fathers. The spoil being divided, they killed the poor old man almost at the very moment when I had given him a new birth. During our march to the enemy's country, we had the additional consolation of being together, and here, I witnessed many virtues.

On the way, he was always absorbed in God. His words and conversation were all in perfect submissiveness to the orders of Divine Providence, and a voluntary acceptance of the death which God sent him. He offered himself to him as a holocaust, to be reduced to ashes in the fires of the Iroquois, which that good Father should enkindle. In all and by all, he sought means to please him. One day, it was soon after our capture, he told me, while still on the way: "Father! God has always given me a great desire to consecrate myself to his holy service by the vows of religion in his holy society; till now my sins have rendered me unworthy of this grace; yet I hope that our Lord will accept the offering I wish to make him now, allow me to take, in the best manner I can, the vows of the society in the presence of my God, and before you." Having permitted him, he pronounced them with great devotion.

Wounded as he was, he dressed the wounds of others, not only of the prisoners, but even of such of the enemy

as had received any wound in the combat. He also bled a sick Iroquois, and did it all with as much charity as if he were doing it to his dearest friends.

His humility, and the obedience he paid to his captors, confounded me. The Iroquois, who had us both in their canoe, told me to take a paddle, and use it. Proud even in death, I would not. Some time after, they told him to do it, and he immediately began to paddle; but when he perceived that the Indians wished to compel me to do so after his example, he begged my pardon. At times, on the way, I suggested to him thoughts of flight, as the liberty given us afforded him abundant opportunity. For my own part, I could not forsake a Frenchman and twenty-four or five Huron prisoners. He would never do it, resigning himself entirely to the will of our Lord, who inspired him with no such thought.

On the Lake, (Champlain,) we met two hundred Iroquois, who came to Richelieu, when they began to build the fort; they covered us with stripes, drenched us in blood, and made us experience the rage of men possessed by the devil. All these outrages and cruelties he endured with great patience and charity for those who ill-treated him.

On entering the first town where we were so cruelly treated, he showed extraordinary patience and mildness. Having fallen under the hail of blows, of clubs, and iron rods poured on us, and unable to rise, he was carried, as it were, half dead on the scaffold, where we were already in the middle of the town, but in so pitiable state that he would have moved cruelty itself to compassion; he was all livid with bruises, and in his face

we could distinguish nothing but the white of his eyes ; yet, he was the more beautiful in the eyes of angels as he was more disfigured and like him, of whom it is said : " We have seen him as a leper," etc. " There was in him neither comeliness nor beauty."

Scarcely had he, or even we, recovered breath, when they came and gave him three blows on the shoulders with a heavy club, as they had done to us. After cutting off a thumb from me, as the most important, they turned to him, and cut off his right thumb at the first joint. During this cruel operation, he constantly repeated, " Jesus, Mary, Joseph." During the six days that we were exposed to all those who chose to maltreat us, he displayed extraordinary mildness ; his breast was all burnt by the live coals and ashes, which the boys threw on his body, when he was tied down on the ground at night. Nature gave me more dexterity than him in escaping some of these pains.

" After our life was granted us, just after we had been warned to prepare to be burned, he fell sick in great want of everything, especially of food, for he was not accustomed to theirs. Here truly it may be said, " *Non cibus utilis ægro.*" I could not relieve him, being also sick, and not having one finger sound, or whole.

Bnt I must hasten to his death, which wants nothing to be that of a martyr.

After we had been six weeks in the country, as confusion arose in the councils of the Iroquois, some of whom were for sending us back, we lost all hope, which in me had never been sanguine, of seeing Three Rivers that year. We consoled one another then at this disposal of Providence, and prepared for all he should

ordain in our regard. He did not see the danger we were in so clearly ; I saw it better. This made me often tell him to hold himself in readiness. Accordingly, one day, when in our mental pain, we had gone out of the town to pray more becomingly and undisturbed by noise, two young men came after us and told us to return home. I had some presentiment of what was to happen ; and told him : “ My dear brother, let us recommend ourselves to our Lord and to our good mother, the Blessed Virgin ; these men have some evil design, as I think.” We had a little before offered ourselves to our Lord with much devotion, beseeching him to accept our lives and blood, and unite them to his life and blood for the salvation of these poor tribes. We were returning then towards the town, reciting our beads, of which we had already said four decades, and having stopped near the gate of the town to see what they would say, one of these two Iroquois drew an axe which he had hidden under his blanket, and dealt René a blow on the head as he stood before him ; he fell stiff on his face on the ground, uttering the holy name of Jesus, for we had often reminded each other to close our voice and life with that holy name. I turned at the blow, and seeing the reeking hatchet, fell on my knees to receive the blow that was to unite me to my loved companion, but as they delayed I rose, ran to him, as he lay expiring near me. They gave him two more blows on the head, and extinguished life, but not before I had given him absolution, which, since our captivity, I had given him regularly after his confession every other day.

It was the —— day of September, the feast of St. Michael, that this angel in innocence, and martyr of

Christ, gave his life for him, who had given him his. They commanded me to return to my cabin, where I awaited during the rest of the day and the next the same treatment. It was the belief of all that I would not wait long as he had begun it, and in fact for several days they came to kill me, but our Lord prevented it by ways, which would be too long to explain. Early the next morning, I did not fail to start out to inquire where they had thrown that blessed body, for I wished to inter it, cost what it might. Some Iroquois, who had a wish to save me, said, "Thou hast no sense ; thou seest that they seek thee everywhere to kill thee, and thou goest out still ; thou wilt go to seek a body already half corrupted, which has been dragged far from here. Seest thou not, those young men going out, who will kill thee, when thou art past the palisade ?" This did not stop me, and our Lord gave me courage enough to be willing to die in that office of charity. I go, I seek, and by the help of an Algonquin taken, and now a real Iroquois, I find it. After he had been killed, the children had stripped him and, tying a cord around his neck, dragged him to a torrent which runs at the foot of their town. The dogs had already gnawed a part of his thighs. At this spectacle, I could not withhold my tears. I took the body, and, aided by the Algonquin, I sunk it in the water and covered it with large stones, to hide it, intending to return the next day with a spade, when there was no one near, and dig a grave and inter it. I thought the body well hidden, but perhaps some one saw us, especially of the youth, and took it up.

The next day, as they sought to kill me, my aunt sent me to her field to escape as I think ; this compelled me



to defer it till the following day. It rained all night, so that the torrent was extremely swelled ; I borrowed a hoe in another cabin, the better to conceal my design, but, on approaching the place, could not find the blessed deposit ; I entered the water already quite cold, I go and come ; I sound with my feet to see whether the water had not raised and carried off the body, but I saw nothing. How many tears I shed, which fell in the torrent, while I sang as I could the psalms which the church chants for the dead ! After all, I found nothing, and a woman known to me who passed by, seeing me in trouble, told me, when I asked her whether she did not know what had been done with it, that it had been dragged to the river which is a quarter of a league from there, and with which I was not acquainted. This was false, the young men had taken it up and dragged it to a neighboring wood, where, during the fall and winter, it was the food of the dog, the crow, and the fox. When I was told in the spring that he had been dragged there, I went several times without finding anything ; at last, the fourth time I found his head, and some half gnawed bones, which I interred, intending to carry them off, if taken back to Three Rivers as was then talked of. Repeatedly did I kiss them as the bones of a martyr of Jesus Christ.

I give him this title, not only because he was killed by the enemies of God, and his church, in the exercise of an ardent love for his neighbor, putting himself in evident peril for the love of God, but particularly because he was killed for prayer, and expressly for the Holy Cross. He was in a cabin where he prayed daily, which scarcely pleased a superstitious old man there. One



day, seeing a little child three or four years old in the cabin, from an excess of devotion and a love of the cross, and in a simplicity which we, who are more prudent according to the flesh would not have had, he took off his cap, and putting it on the child's head, made the sign of the cross on his body. The old man seeing it ordered a young man in his cabin, who was starting on a war party, to kill him, and he obeyed the order as we have seen.

The mother of the child herself, in a march which I had made with her, told me that he had been killed for that sign of the cross, and the old man who had given the order to kill him, invited me one day to his cabin, to dinner ; but, when I made the sign of the cross before beginning, he said, "There is what we hate ; that is what we killed thy comrade for, and will kill thee too. Our neighbors, the Europeans, do not make it." Sometimes, too, as I prayed on my knees in hunting time, they told me that they hated that way of doing, and had killed the other Frenchman for it, and would kill me too, when I got back to the village.

I beg pardon of your Reverence, for the precipitation with which I write this, and my want of respect in so doing. Excuse me, if you please ; I feared to miss this opportunity of discharging a debt I should long since have discharged.

## CHAPTER IV.

## DEATH OF FATHER JOGUES.

THOUGH a mission was resolved upon, it was thought better that he should go first as ambassador, and was accordingly sent with Mr. Bourdon, an officer in the employ of the colony.\* Of this embassy, the missionary drew up a full account, which was in existence till 1800, when it was, with other papers belonging to the Canada Jesuits, seized by the British government. It has now disappeared. The Relation, which doubtless followed it, says that they left Three Rivers on the 16th of May, 1646, with four Mohawks and two Algonquins. Ascending the Sorel, they traversed Lake Champlain, and, on the 29th of May, reached the beautiful lake below it. Its Iroquois name was Andiataracte; for Europeans, it was without a name, but, as it was the eve of Corpus Christi, the festival instituted by the Church, to honor Christ's presence in the Holy Eucharist, the missionary gave it the name, which it bore for more than a century, *Lac Saint Sacrement*, or Lake of the Blessed Sacrament.†

Continuing their march, they came to Ossarague, a fishing station, on the Maurice, or Upper Hudson, which they descended to Fort Orange. When the missionary had here repaid his debt of gratitude,

\* As the missionary was about to set out, an Algonquin chief advised him to lay aside his religious habit. His reason was striking; it exemplifies perfectly what has been called "the hideous face of Christianity." "There is nothing," said the Algonquin chiefs, "nothing more repulsive at first, than this doctrine, that seems to exterminate all that men hold dearest. Your long gown preaches it as strongly as your lips; leave it, and go in a short coat. Bourdon, thus associated with the life of Father Jogues, intermarried in the family to which Henry de Courcy, Esq., the talented and amiable author of the "Catholic Church in the United States," owes his origin.

† It would need but a slight change to make Lake George, Lake Jogues, and surely its great discoverer deserves it, better than a Hanoverian king.

to his generous benefactors, the embassy proceeded to the Mohawk. The first castle was reached on the 7th of June; its name had been changed from Ossernenon, to One8ge8re.\* Here Jogues was welcomed as a friend; a council of Sachems was soon convened; he delivered the presents of the Governor, and, in a discourse, still preserved, urged them to thoughts of peace. He was heard with attention, and responded to in a similar strain. According to Indian custom, he presented a belt of wampum to the tribe, into which he had been incorporated. The Wolf replied that Ondessonk should ever find among them his mat to rest upon, and a fire to warm him.

Another present was yet to be made. Jogues had remarked among the spectators, some Onondaga braves, and to these, also, he made a present, to smooth the way for the French to their land of lakes. This was cheerfully accepted, and Jogues, no longer a temporal envoy, turned to his spiritual avocations. The captive Christians were soon visited and consoled, the sacraments of baptism or penance conferred on many; but he could not delay as long as his zeal desired. The Iroquois pressed his departure, and, on the 16th, he left their castles for the St. Lawrence. As he expected to return speedily, he left a box containing his little missionary furniture; the Mohawks showed a disinclination to receive it, but, as he opened it in their presence, he thought their suspicions dispelled, and went his way.

On his arrival in Canada, joy, such as had not been known for years, quickened every heart, for all had been so suspicious of the Mohawks, that public prayers had been constantly offered for the missionary and his companion.

His immediate return to the Mohawk was now expected; but suddenly there came mysterious rumors, and the Superiors paused. Jogues must not go.† But, as the summer wore on, all became quiet, and, yielding to his entreaty, the Superior permitted him to depart.

In September, 1646, he left Three Rivers for the last time, with John Lalande, and some Hurons. As they went on, they heard tidings which seemed positive as to the end of the peace; some Hurons left them, but Jogues went fearlessly on. After the return of these,

\* The sign here used, and frequently employed by French missionaries, is the Greek diphthong ou, and was used to express a short Indian sound, which, at the beginning of a syllable, answers to our w, and, at the end, to the sound of ou in Plymouth.

† Decision in the Superior's journal.

the French were left in the greatest anxiety and uncertainty as to his fate. Months rolled by, and no tidings reached them; at last, almost at the same time, they heard from some Hurons who had escaped from the Mohawk, an account of his death, and received letters from Governor Kieft, which confirmed it.

The Indian account, as preserved in the manuscript of Father Buteux and Father De Quen, is, that when the missionary was within two days' march of the castles, that is, half way between Lake George and the Mohawk, he was met by a war party out against the French. The missionary and his companion, were immediately seized, and, in spite of his remonstrances, stripped and beaten; they then turned homeward, and Father Jogues was again led naked into Gandawague,\* the place of his former captivity. Blows were mingled with threats of death on the morrow. "You shall not be burned," they cried, "you shall die beneath our hatchets, and your heads shall be fixed on our palisades, to show your brethren whom we take." In vain did he endeavor to show them the injustice of treating him as an enemy, when he came the messenger of peace. Deaf to the voice of reason, and blinded by superstition, they began their butchery. Slicing off the flesh from his arms and back, they cried, "Let us see whether this white flesh is the flesh of an Otkon." "I am but a man like yourselves," replied the dauntless missionary, "though I fear not death nor your tortures. You do wrong to kill me. I have come to your country to preserve peace, and strengthen the land, and to show you the way to heaven, and you treat me like a dog! Fear the chastisement of Him, who rules both the Indian and the French."

In spite of their threats, his fate was undecided. Of the three great families in each tribe, the Bear was clamorous for blood, while

\* Thus do all the French Relations from this time, name the place of his death; it is the same as Caughnawaga, and means "at the rapids." F. Pontet, in the narrative of his captivity on the Mohawk, makes the place of Goupil's death, that of Jogues' also, to be the second village, the Andagoron, or Gandagoron, of F. Jogues. The present Caughnawaga may, therefore, be considered the place of the missionary's death, as we have nothing to show that the village in question lay south of the Mohawk, although the first village did. Caughnawaga became, too, in the sequel, the centre of the most successful Catholic missions among the Iroquois, and is hallowed, not only by the death of Jogues and Goupil, but by the birth of the sainted Catharine Tehgakwita. It is our holy ground.

the Tortoise, and his own clan, the Wolf, declared that he should live. A council was called in the largest town ; it was there decided that he should be spared, but it was too late.

Towards evening, on the day after his arrival, some Indians of the Bear family, came to invite him to supper ; he arose to follow, but scarce had he stooped to enter the lodge, when an Indian concealed within sprang forward, and dealt him a terrible blow with his hatchet. Kiotsaeton, the deputy, who had concluded the peace, threw up his arm to avert the blow, but it cut through his arm, and sank deep in the head of the missionary. His head was then cut off, and set on the palisade. His companion shared his fate.

The letters from the Dutch authorities at New Amsterdam, which reached Quebec on the 4th of June, 1647, are as follows :

“To M. DE MONTMAGNY, *Governor of New France.*

“MONSIEUR, MONSIEUR,

I wrote a reply to that which you were pleased to honor me with by Father de Jogues, dated May 15, and I sent it to Fort Orange, to deliver it to said Father de Jogues ; but he, not having returned as expected, it was not immediately sent. This will serve then to thank your excellency for your remembrance of me, which I shall endeavor to return, if it please God to give me an opportunity. I send this through the Northern Section, by the English, or Monsieur d'Aunay, in order to advise you of the massacre of F. Isaac de Jogues and his companions, perpetrated by the barbarous and inhuman Maquaas or Iroquois ; as also of their design to surprise you, under color of a visit, as you will see by the enclosed, which, though badly written and spelt, will, to our great regret, give you all the particulars. I am sorry that the subject of this is not more agreeable ; but the importance of the affair has not permitted me to be



silent. Our Minister above carefully inquired of the chiefs of this canaille, their reasons for the wretched act, but he could get no answer from them but this, that the said Father had left, among some articles that he had left in their keeping, a devil who had caused all their corn or maize to be eaten up by worms.\* This is all I can at present write to you. Praying God to vouchsafe to guard you and yours from this treacherous nation, and assuring you that I am

Your most humble and obedient servant.

WILLIAM KIEFT.

Fort Amsterdam, in New Netherland, }  
November 14, 1646. }

Enclosure.

Praised be God at Fort Orange!

MONSIEUR, MONSIEUR LA MONTAGNE.

I have not wished to lose this occasion of letting you know my state of health. I am in good health, thank God, and pray God that it may be so with you and your children.

I have not much more, but how the French arrived the seventeenth of this month, at the Maquaas Fort. This is to let you know how those ungrateful barbarians did not wait till they were fairly arrived at their cabins,

\* The allusion here is to Dominie John Megapolensis, to whom the Indians brought some of the books and clothes of the murdered missionary. The friendship existing between his early representative of the Dutch church in New York, and the Catholic missionaries, is one of the most pleasing incidents in this period. To his kind solicitude and subsequent hospitality, two acknowledged that, next to God, they owed their lives. A correspondence was subsequently carried on between them, and the missionaries lost no opportunity of expressing their gratitude, to so eminent a benefactor, and his name is deservedly honored by the Catholics of New York.

where they were stripped all naked, without shirt, only they gave each a pair of drawers to cover decency.

The very day of their coming they began to threaten them, and immediately, with fists and clubs, saying you shall die to-morrow, do not be astonished, we shall not burn you, take courage, we shall strike you with an axe, and put your heads on the palisade, that your brothers may see you yet, when we take them. You must know that it was only the Bear nation that killed them. Knowing that the Wolf and Tortoise tribes have done all that they could to save their lives, and said against the Bear, kill us first, but alas, they are no longer alive. Know then that the eighteenth, in the evening, they came to call Isaac to supper. He got up and went away with the savage to the Bear's lodge, as entering the lodge there was a traitor with his hatchet behind the door. On entering, he split open his head, and at the same time cut off his head and put it on the palisade. The next morning early he did the same with the other and threw their bodies into the river. Monsieur, I have not been able to know or hear from any savage why they killed them.

Besides this their envy and enterprise, they are going with three or four hundred men to try and surprise the French to do the same as they did to the others, but God grant they don't accomplish their design.

It would be desirable that Monsieur should be warned, but there is no way to do it from here. Monsieur, I have no more to write, but I remain your very humble and affectionate servant and friend,

JAN LABATIE.\*

\* Labatie was the French interpreter at Albany, and had, with Van Curler, visited the Mohawk castles, to rescue the missionary, in 1642.

Monsieur, I beg you (give) my baisemains (respects) to the Governor.

Written at Fort Orange, Oct. 30, 1646.

Such was the glorious close of the Missionary's zealous career.

The day after the reception of the letters, a solemn Mass of the Dead was offered up at Quebec ; but "we could not," says Ragueneau, "bring ourselves to offer for him the prayers of the dead. We offered the adorable sacrifice, but in thanksgiving for the favors which he had received from God. Laity and religious share our sentiments on this happy death, and more were found inclined to invoke his aid than to pray for his repose."

The Catholic clergy of our State may well be proud of so illustrious a founder, for he was the first priest who entered or labored in the city and State of New York.

His sufferings and toils now find a place in every history of our country ; but we must not consider him as a mere explorer of the wilderness, borne up perhaps by religious enthusiasm. He was a man of deep and tender piety, of extraordinary candor and openness of soul, timid by nature, yet of tried courage and heroic firmness ; a man who saw all in God, and in all resigned himself to the directing hand of Providence. To make God known at the expense of personal suffering was his only thought. In a word, he was one of those superior men who rise from time to time in the Church so distinguished from all around by an impress of sanctity, by a prestige of all Christian virtue, as to make us look without astonishment on even miraculous powers in their hands.

These are not wanting in the case of Father Jogues.

Two miracles wrought soon after his death, seem sufficiently attested to warrant our belief, and we accordingly insert a brief account of them.

When the holy missionary fell, Kiotsaeton turned away from the Mohawk as one disgraced. In the name of the tribe he had pledged all to peace, and now that peace was broken. He rambled to the wilderness, and after many months appeared in the French settlements. He told of all that had occurred, and announced his wish to dwell with the French. Suspecting some treachery, the Commandant of the French post sent him in a vessel to Quebec, and for fear of his escape put him in irons. The noble chief, beholding himself thus ill-treated by those he sought as friends, turned in prayer to the holy missionary, whose virtues he honored, and whose death he had witnessed. Father Jogues was not invoked in vain; he burst the bonds of the chieftain, and the French guards were amazed, in the morning, to find him unshackled. When they learned how supernaturally this had been accomplished, they banished their suspicions, and thanked the Almighty, for the power which he had bestowed upon his servant. At Quebec, the Mohawk chief was honorably received, and, proceeding to France, he was fully instructed and baptized.

In France, Father Jogues was regarded as a martyr; and, even in his life-time, things which he had used were preserved as relics. At the Ursuline Convent at Angers, Father Jogues had one day left a pair of gloves, and when, some time after his glorious and happy death, Sister Marie Prevosterie was seized with a dangerous fever, accompanied by a swelling in the lower extremi-

ties, Mother Margaret Poussin, the Superior, urged her to have recourse to the holy martyr. The nun did so; applying the relic to the swollen limb; during the night the pain increased, but suddenly, at three o'clock in the morning, the pain and swelling vanished, and Sister Mary, rising from bed, like one in health, proceeded to the choir, to return thanks to God. No symptom of disease appeared, till the same day, on the following year; but, on her entering the chapel, to return thanks to God, the pain disappeared entirely. Of this cure, an account drawn up on the spot, by Mother Poussin, Sister Mary herself, and eight other nuns, is still preserved; and Father du Creux, who had visited the convent with Father Jogues, inserts an account in his Latin history of Canada.

The missionaries of New France ever regarded as a favor obtained by their martyred associate, the success which the gospel met with at Caughnawaga, the village where he received his crown. Here a Mohawk church was first formed, renowned for the piety and fervor of those who composed it, and here the Christians first acquired any weight by numbers. This village was, too, the birth-place of Catharine Tehgahkwita, whose holiness was attested by so many miracles, and whose veneration is still so great in Canada.



## CHAPTER V.

## CAPTIVITY OF FATHER FRANCIS JOSEPH BRESSANI.

FATHER Francis Joesph Bressani, whose narrative we are next to give, was born at Rome, and, at the early age of fifteen, entered the Society of Jesus. After the usual period of probation and study, he was engaged in teaching, and successively filled the chairs of Literature, Philosophy, and Mathematics; but, having conversed with some members of the French province, then at Rome, he became inflamed with zeal for the foreign missions, and was, at last, gratified by being selected for that of Canada. He immediately set out for France, in order to take shipping for his destination; and, though warned on his way, by a pious nun, of the sufferings that awaited him, he resolutely advanced, and embarking, reached Quebec in the summer of 1642. He was employed at first in the city, and the following year, as missionary to the Algonquins at Three Rivers; but, in the spring of 1644, was appointed to proceed to the Huron country, then so destitute of missionaries, and with missionaries so destitute of every necessary of life. We have seen how Father Jogues courageously exposed himself to procure his companion's relief, and how fearfully he suffered in the hands of the terrible Mohawks. Two years more had elapsed, and the Superior at Quebec resolved to make another effort to relieve the Huron Fathers,—to give them clothes to replace their rags, and flour and wine to enable them to say Mass. Father Bressani was not unaware of the dangers, but set out with a brave heart, on the 27th of April, 1644.

He was not, however, fully aware of the position of affairs; the whole colony was surrounded by war parties of the enemy, who beset every road, and watched from every highland, like eagles to pounce on their prey. Meanwhile, the missionary advanced in his canoe from Quebec, with one French companion, and six Huron neophytes, of whom we know the names of three: Henry Stontrats,

Michael Atioquendoron, and Bernard Gotrioskon. On the third day, when near the little Riviere aux Glaises, not far from Fort Richelieu, the modern Sorel, they were attacked and made prisoners.

Father Bressani thus describes his capture and subsequent sufferings:—

Most reverend Father in Jesus Christ.

PAX CHRISTI—I know not whether your Paternity will recognize the hand-writing of a poor cripple once quite well in body, and well known to you. His letter is badly written and soiled enough, because among other miseries the writer has but one whole finger on his right hand, and can scarcely prevent the paper's being stained by the blood which flows from his yet uncicatrized wounds. His ink is diluted gunpowder, and his table the bare ground. He writes to you from the land of the Iroquois, where he is now a prisoner, and would briefly relate the conduct of Divine Providence in his regard these later days.

I set out from Three Rivers by order of my superiors, the 27th of April last, (1644,) in company with six Christian Indians, and a young Frenchman, who in three canoes were going up to the Huron country.

On the evening of the first day, the Huron who steered our canoe upset us in Lake St. Pierre, by firing at an eagle. I did not know how to swim, but two Hurons caught me and drew me to the shore where we spent the night with our clothes all wet. The Hurons took this accident for an ill-omen, and advised me to return to Three Rivers, which was only eight or ten miles off; "certainly, they cried, this voyage will not prove fortunate." As I feared that there might be some superstitious

thought in this resolution, I preferred to push on to another French fort,\* thirty miles higher up, where we might recruit a little. They obeyed me, and we started quite early the next morning, but the snow and the bad weather greatly retarded our speed, and compelled us to stop at mid-day.

On the third day, when twenty-two or twenty-four miles from Three Rivers, and seven or eight from Fort Richelieu, we fell into an ambuscade of twenty-seven Iroquois, who killed one of our Indians, and took the rest and myself prisoners.

We might have fled or even killed some Iroquois, but, when I saw my companions taken, I thought it better not to forsake them; I looked upon the disposition of our Indians as a mark of the will of God; choosing, as they did, to surrender rather than seek safety by flight.

After binding us, they uttered horrid cries, "*sicut exultant victores capta præda*," "as conquerors rejoice after taking a prey," (Isaias ix. 3,) and made a thanksgiving to the Sun for having delivered into their hands, a Blackgown, as they call the Jesuits. They entered our canoes and seized all their contents, consisting of provisions for the missionaries residing among the Hurons, who were in extreme want, inasmuch as they had for several years received no aid from Europe. They next commanded us to sing, then led us to a little river hard by, where they divided the booty, and scalped the Huron whom they had killed. The scalp was to be carried in triumph on the top of a pole. They cut off the feet, hands, and most fleshy parts of the body to eat, as well as the heart.

\* Fort Richelieu.

The fifth day they made us cross the lake to pass the night in a retired but very damp spot. We there began to take our sleep tied on the ground in the open air, as we continued to do during the rest of our voyage.

My consolation was to think that we were doing the will of God, since I had undertaken this voyage only through obedience. I was full of confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and the help of so many souls who prayed for me.

The following day we embarked on a river,\* and after some miles they ordered me to throw overboard my papers which they had left me till then. They superstitiously imagined that they had made our canoe burst open. They were surprised to see me grieved at this loss, who had never shown any regret for all else. We were two days in ascending this river to the falls† which compelled us to land and march six days in the woods.

The next day which was a Friday, (May 6,) we met some Iroquois going out to fight. They added some blows to the terrible threats they made ; but the account which they gave to our keepers, of the death of one of their party killed by a Frenchman, was a ground for their commencing to treat us with much greater cruelty.

At the moment of our capture the Iroquois were dying of hunger ; so that in two or three days they consumed all our provisions, and we had no food, during the rest of the way, but from hunting, fishing, or some wild roots which they found. Their want was so great that they picked up on the shore a dead beaver already putrefying. They gave it to me in the evening to wash in the river, but, its stench leading me to believe that they did not

\* Richelieu or Sorel.

† Rapids of Chambly.

want it, I threw it into the water. This blunder of mine I expiated by a vigorous penance.

I will not here relate all I had to suffer in that voyage. It is enough to say that we had to carry our loads in the woods by unbeaten roads, where there is nothing but stones, thorns, holes, water and snow, which had not yet entirely disappeared. We were bare-footed, and were left fasting sometimes till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and often during the whole day, exposed to the rain, and drenched with the waters of the torrents and rivers which we had at times to cross.

When evening was come, I was ordered to go for wood, to bring water, and cook when they had any provisions. When I did not succeed, or misunderstood the orders which I received, blows were not spared; still less when we met other savages going to fish or hunt.

It was not easy for me to rest at night, because they tied me to a tree, leaving me exposed to the keen night air, still cold enough at that period.

We at last arrived at the Lake of the Iroquois, (Lake Champlain.) We had to make other canoes, in which I too was to do my part. After five or six days' sailing, we landed, and marched for three more.

The fourth day, which was the fifteenth of May, we arrived about 20 o'clock, (3 1-4 P. M.,) and before having as yet taken any food, at a river on the banks of which some four hundred savages were gathered, fishing. Hearing of our approach, they came out to meet us, and, when about two hundred paces from their cabins, they stripped off all my clothes, and made me march ahead. The young men formed a line to the



right and left, each armed with a club, except the first one, who held a knife in his hand.

When I began my march, this one stopped my passage, and, seizing my left hand, cleft it open with his knife between the little finger and the next, with such force and violence that I thought he would lay open my whole hand. The others then began to load me with blows till I reached the stage which they had erected for our torture. We had to mount on these rough pieces of bark, raised about nine palms high, so as to give the crowd an opportunity to see and insult us. I was all drenched in blood, that streamed from every part of my body, and the wind to which we were exposed was cold enough to congeal it immediately on my skin.

What consoled me much was, to see that God granted me the grace of suffering some little pain in this world, instead of the incomparably far greater torments, which I should have had to suffer for my sins in the next world.

The warriors came next, and were received by the savages with great ceremony, and regaled with the best of all that their fishing supplied.

They bade us sing. Judge whether we could, fasting, worn down by marching, broken by their blows, and shivering from head to foot with cold.

Shortly after, a Huron slave brought me a little Indian corn, and a captain who saw me all trembling with cold, at last, at my entreaty, gave me back the half of an old summer cassock all in tatters, which served only to cover, but not to warm me.

We had to sing till the departure of the braves, and

were then left at the mercy of the youth, who made us come down from the scaffold where we had been about two hours, to make us dance in their fashion, and because I did not succeed, nor was indeed able, these young people beat me, pricked me, plucked out my hair, my beard, etc.

They kept us five or six days in this place for their pastime, leaving us entirely at the discretion or indiscretion of every one. We were obliged to obey even the children, and that in things unreasonable, and often contradictory. "Sing," cries one; "Hold your tongue," says another; if I obeyed the first, the latter tormented me. "Stretch out your hand; I want to burn it." Another burnt it because I did not extend it to him. They commanded me to take fire between the fingers to put in their pipes, full of tobacco, and then let it fall on the ground purposely four or five times, one after another, to make me burn myself, picking it up each time.

These scenes usually took place at night; for, towards evening, the captains cried in a fearful voice around the cabins, "Gather ye young men, come and caress our prisoners."

On this, they flocked together, and assembled in some large cabin. There the remnant of dress which had been given me was torn off, leaving me naked; then some goaded me with pointed sticks; some burnt me with firebrands, or red-hot stones, while others used burning ashes, or hot coals. They made me walk around the fire on hot ashes, under which they had stuck sharp sticks in the ground. Some plucked out my hair, others my beard.

Every night, after making me sing, and tormenting me as above, they 'spent about a quarter of an hour in burning one of my nails or a finger. Of the ten that I had, I have now but one left whole, and even of that, they have torn out the nail with their teeth. One evening, they took off a nail ; the next day the first joint ; the day after, the second. By the sixth time, they burned almost six. To the hands merely they applied fire and iron more than eighteen times, and, during this torment, I was obliged to sing. They ceased torturing me only at one or two o'clock at night. They then usually left me tied to the ground in some spot exposed to the rain, with no bed or blanket, but a small skin which did not cover half my body, and often even without any covering ; for they had already torn up the piece of a cassock which had been given me. Yet out of compassion they left me enough to cover what decency, even among them, requires to be concealed. They kept the rest.

For a whole month, we had to undergo these cruelties, and greater still, but we remained only eight days in the first place. I never would have believed that man had so hard a life.

One night, that they were as usual torturing me, a Huron, taken prisoner with me, seeing one of his companions escape torments by siding against me, suddenly cried out, in the middle of the assembled throng, that I was a person of rank, and a captain among the French. This they heard with great attention ; then, raising a loud shout in sign of joy, they treated me still worse. The next morning, I was condemned to be burnt alive, and to be eaten. They then began to guard me more

narrowly. The men and children never left me alone, even for natural necessity, but came tormenting me to force me to return to the cabin with all speed, fearing that I might take flight.

We left there the 26th of May ; and, four days after, reached the first towns of this nation. In this march on foot, what with rain and other hardships, I suffered more than I had yet done. The savage then my keeper was more cruel than the first.

I was beaten, weak, ill-fed, half-naked, and slept in the open air, tied to a tree or post, shivering all night from cold, and the pain caused by my bonds.

In difficult places, my weakness called for help, but it was refused, and, even when I fell, renewing my pain, they showered blows on me again to force me to march ; for they believed that I did it purposely to lag behind, and so escape.

One day, among others, I fell into a stream and was like to have drowned. I got out, I know not how, and in this plight had to march nearly six miles more till evening, with a very heavy burthen on my shoulders. They laughed at myself and my awkwardness in falling into the water, yet this did not hinder their burning another of my nails that night.

We at last reached the first village of this nation, and here our reception resembled the first, but was still more cruel. Besides blows from their fists and clubs, which I received in the most sensitive parts of my body—they a second time slit open my left hand, between the middle and fore fingers, and the bastinado was such, that I fell half dead on the ground. I thought I had lost my right eye forever. As I did not rise, because I

was unable to do so, they continued to beat me, especially on the breast and head. I should surely have expired beneath their blows, had not a captain literally dragged me out by main strength, up to a stage, made like the former one, of bark. There, they soon after, cut off the middle and mangled the fore finger of my left hand. But at the same moment the rain, attended with thunder and lightning, fell in such torrents, that the savages retired, leaving us exposed naked to the storm, till an Indian, I know not whom, took pity on us, and in the evening took us into his cabin.

We were at this point, tormented with more cruelty and audacity than ever, and without leaving us a moment's rest. They forced me to eat all kinds of filth, and burnt one of my fingers and the still remaining nails. They dislocated my toes, and ran a fire-brand through one of my feet. I know not what they did not attempt another time, but I pretended to faint, so as to seem not to see an indecent action.

After glutting their cruelty here, they sent us into another village, nine or ten miles further. Here they added to the torments of which I have spoken, that of hanging me up by the feet, either in cords or with chains, given them by the Dutch. By night I lay stretched on the ground, naked and bound, according to their custom, to several stakes, by the feet, hands, and neck. The torments which I had to suffer in this state, for six or seven nights, were in such places, and of such a description, that it is not lawful to describe them, nor could they be read without blushing. I never closed my eyes those nights, which, though the shortest in the year, seemed to me most long. My God! what will



Purgatory then be? This consideration greatly alleviated my pains.

After such a treatment, I became so infectious and horrible, that all drew off from me as from carrion, approaching me only to torment. Scarce could I find one charitable enough to put some food in my mouth, for I could use neither of my hands, which were enormously swollen, and a mass of corruption. Thus I had to suffer famine too. I was reduced to eat raw Indian corn, not without danger of my health. Necessity made me even find some relish in chewing chalk, although it was impossible to swallow it.

I was covered with vermin, unable to deliver or shield myself from them. Worms were breeding in my wounds, and one day, more than four fell from one of my fingers.

“I have said to rottenness, Thou art my father ; to worms, you are my mother and my sister.”—Job xvii. 14. “I became a burthen to myself,” so that, had I consulted but my own feelings, I should have “esteemed that to die was gain.”

An abscess had formed in my right leg, in consequence of the blows I had received there, and my frequent falls. It gave me no rest, especially after I was no longer anything but skin and bone, with no bed but the bare ground. The savages had, though unsuccessfully, several times endeavored to open it with sharp stones, causing me most intense pain. The apostate Huron, who had been taken with me, had now to act as my surgeon. The day, which, according to my ideas, was the eve of my death, he opened it with four gashes of a knife. The blood and matter gushed out

so abundantly, and emitted such a stench, that it drove all the savages from the cabin.

I desired and expected death, though not without experiencing some horror for the torture by fire. Yet I prepared to the best of my power, commending myself to the heart of the Mother of mercy, who is truly, the "Lovely, admirable, powerful, clement Mother, the comfortress of the afflicted." She was, after God, the only refuge of a poor sinner, abandoned by all creatures, in a foreign land, in this place of horror and vast solitude, without speech to give utterance to his thoughts, without a friend to console him, without sacraments to fortify him, without any human remedy to alleviate his woes.

The Huron and Algonquin prisoners, (these latter are called our Indians,) instead of consoling me, were the first to make me suffer in order to please the Iroquois. I did not see our good William Couture until after my deliverance. The child captured with me had been carried off from the moment that they perceived me making him say his prayers, which displeased them. They tormented him also, and, though he was but twelve or thirteen years old, they tore off five of his nails with their teeth. On reaching their country, they had tied his wrists with small cords, drawn as tight as they could so as to give him exquisite pain. They did all this before my eyes to augment my suffering. O! how differently we then value many things which are usually so esteemed! God grant that I may remember and profit by it.

My days then were thus filled up with sufferings, and my nights were spent without repose; this caused me

even to count, in the month, five days more than there were, but, looking at the moon one night, I corrected my error.

I was ignorant why the savages so long deferred my death. They told me that it was to fatten me before they ate me ; though they took no means to do so.

My fate was at last decided. On the nineteenth of June, which I deemed the last of my life, I begged a captain to put me to death, if possible, otherwise than by fire ; but another chief exhorted him to stand firm in the resolution already taken. The first then told me that I was to die neither by fire nor by any other torture. I could not believe it, nor do I know whether he spoke in earnest, yet true it was. Such was the will of God, and of the Virgin Mother, to whom I acknowledge myself indebted for my life, and, what I esteem more highly, for a great fortitude amid my woes. May it please the Divine Majesty that this redound to his greater glory and my good.

The savages themselves were extremely surprised at this result, so contrary was it to their intentions, as they avowed to me, and as the Dutch have written. I was therefore given, with all the usual ceremonies, to an old woman to replace her grandfather, formerly killed by the Hurons, but instead of having me burnt as all desired, and had already resolved, she redeemed me from their hands at the expense of some beads, which the French call *porcelaine*.\*

I live here in the midst of the shadows of death. They can be heard speaking of nothing but murder and

\* Called in English, *Wampum*.

assassination. They have recently murdered one of their own countrymen in his own cabin, as useless and unworthy to live.

I have always something to suffer ; my wounds are still open ; and many of the savages look upon me with no kindly eye. True then it is that we cannot live without crosses ; yet this is like sugar in comparison with the past.

The Dutch gave me hopes of my ransom, and that of the boy taken prisoner with me. God's will be done in time and eternity ! My hope will be still more confirmed, if you grant me a share in your holy sacrifices and prayers, and those of our Fathers and Brothers, especially of those who knew me in other days.

Territory of the Iroquois, July 15, 1644.

The missionary, at that period, found no opportunity of sending the letter, so that it reached Europe, together with others which we insert here, in the order in which they were written.

I have found no one, says the second letter, to take charge of the inclosed, so that you will receive it at the same time as the present one, which will give you the news of my deliverance from the hands of the savages, whose captive I was. I am indebted for it to the Dutch, and they obtained it with no great difficulty, for a very moderate ransom, on account of the little value which the Indians attached to me, from my unhandiness at every thing, as well as from their conviction that my sores would never heal.

I have been twice sold, first to the old woman who

was to have me burnt, and next to the Dutch dear enough, that is, for about fifteen or twenty doppies.\*

I chanted my going out from Egypt the nineteenth of August, that is, the third day of the Octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, whom I regarded as my liberator. I was a prisoner among the Iroquois for four months ; but small is that compared to what my sins deserve. I was unable, during my captivity, to render to any of those wretched beings, in return for the evil they did me, the good which was the object of my desires ; that is, impart to them a knowledge of the true God. To supply my ignorance of their language, I endeavored, by means of a prisoner as my interpreter, to instruct a dying old man ; but pride made him deaf to my words. He replied, that a man of his age and rank should teach others, not receive their lessons. I asked him whither he would go after his death. "To the west," he answered ; and then began to recount the fables and follies which unfortunately, blinded by the devil, they take for the most solid truths.

I baptized none but a Huron. They had brought him where I was to burn him, and those who guarded me told me to go and see him. I did so with some reluctance ; for they had told me that he was not one of our Indians, and that I could not understand him. I advanced towards the crowd which opened, and let me approach this man, even then all disfigured by torments. He was stretched on the bare ground, with nothing to rest his head upon. Seeing a stone near me, I pushed it with my foot towards his head, to serve him

\* A doppie is a piece of gold worth about three dollars and a half.



as a pillow. He then looked up at me attentively, and some hairs still left in my beard, or some other mark, made him suppose I was a foreigner. "Is not this man," said he to his keeper, "the white man whom you hold captive?" Being answered affirmatively, he again cast towards me a most piteous look. "Sit down, brother, by me," said he, "I would speak with thee." I sat down, though not without horror, such was the odor that exhaled from his already half-roasted body. Happy to be able to understand him a little, because he spoke Huron, I asked him what he desired, hoping to be able to profit by the occasion to instruct and baptize him. To my great consolation, I was anticipated by the answer. "What dost thou want?" said I. "I ask but one thing, baptism, as quickly as possible, for the time is short." I wished to question him as to the faith, so as not to administer a sacrament with precipitation; but I found him perfectly instructed, having been already received among the Catechumens in the Huron country. I therefore most willingly baptized him, to his and my own great satisfaction. Though I had administered this sacrament by a kind of stratagem, using the water which they had given me for him to drink, the Iroquois perceived it. The captains were at once informed, and, with angry threats, drove me from the hut, and then began to torture him as before.

They finally burnt him alive the next morning, and, as I had baptized him, they brought all his members, one by one, into the cabin where I was. Before my eyes, they skinned and ate the feet and hands. The husband of the mistress of the lodge threw at my feet

the victim's head, and left it there a long while, reproaching me with what I had done, and exclaiming: "Well, now, of what use were all thy enchantments?"—alluding to the baptism and prayers which I had offered with him. "Have they rescued him from death?"

At that moment, I felt a deep regret that I was unable, from ignorance of their language, to speak to them of the virtue and effects of baptism on so fair an opportunity, but the hour was not yet come. Their sins, and, above all, their pride, present a great obstacle to the grace of God, "who hath regard to the humble, and looketh at the proud from afar." They all esteem themselves as heroes and warriors, and look with contempt on the Europeans, whom they consider as a vile and cowardly race. They believe themselves destined to subjugate the world. "They are become vain in their thoughts, and, as God has abandoned them to the desires of their hearts," (Romans i. 21,) your prayers, your sacrifices, and the prayers of the whole society, which is ever praying for the conversion of infidels, will be able to induce the Almighty to cast a look of pity on them, and, at the same time, on me, especially amid the perils of the sea, to which I am about to be exposed. Be assured that, sound or cripple, I shall ever be, Father, your unworthy and humble servant,

FRANCIS JOSEPH BRESSANI.

New Amsterdam, August 31st, 1644.

The third letter is written from the isle of Rhe, under date of the sixteenth of November, of the same year. The missionary solicits prayers to thank God for his deliverance, not only from the hands of the Iroquois, but also from the fury of the sea where they had met

with terrible storms, and, among others one, says the letter of the twenty-seventh of September, which was frightful. It lasted more than twenty-four hours, and compelled them to cut away the vessel's masts. Then he adds :

“ A Turkish corsair pursued us for several days together. My companions on board were Huguenots, who did not fail to be displeased with the very name of a Papist and a Jesuit. The cabin where I lay had but four partitions, and its size did not permit one to stretch out at full length. We ran out of provisions, and even of water, on the passage ; but, if you except the seasickness, which did not spare me, I was always well, and, after fifty-five days of difficult navigation, I reached the isle of Rhé in the garb of a sailor, in better health than I have enjoyed during the eighteen years and more that I have been in the Society. I was obliged to beg alms on landing, which was a greater interior consolation to me than can be imagined, thank God.”

I omit a thousand other particulars, which do not belong to the dangers from the Iroquois, as the circumstances of his ransom, the welcome given him by the Dutch, etc. ; but I cannot omit here his last letter which he wrote after his return to France, at the instance of several persons, persuaded that this digression will afford a just subject of edification. It is as follows :

“ You have put me some questions as to my captivity in the country of the Iroquois, and so earnestly, and adducing such motives, that, from the consideration I owe you, I cannot decline answering them. I will do it then with my usual frankness.

First Question. Why did the Iroquois maltreat me

so? Because they looked upon me as their enemy, not for being a European, for they are friends of the Dutch Europeans like ourselves; but because we are the friends and protectors of the Indians, whom we labor to convert, and with whom they refuse peace, while we maintain it, to gain them to God. So that the first cause of this hatred, is the faith which obliges us to remain united to our neophytes, even at the peril of our life, and to become indirectly the enemies of the Iroquois. "If you love our souls as much as you say," said the Huron, "love our bodies too, and let us form but one nation. Our enemies shall be yours; we shall share the same dangers."

Add to this the hatred which the Iroquois have for our holy faith, which they call, and believe to be, witchcraft. This is the reason why, quite recently, they prolonged for eight days, instead of one only, to which they commonly limit it, the torture of a Christian Indian, who publicly gloried in his faith. His name was Joseph Onahré; he expired amidst the most cruel torments.

They especially hold in horror the sign of the cross, because the Dutch have made them believe it to be a real superstition. It was the cause of the death of René Goupil, the companion of Father Jogues, and the motive that induced them to separate from me, the boy whom I was teaching to make it with other prayers.

Yet even though the faith, which we seek to introduce into these parts be the cause of the hatred and tortures of the Iroquois, I could not have hesitated to brave these dangers for the good of souls. In fact, if we deem it a meritorious act to brave the pestilence,

even with the sole object of relieving the body, should I not deem myself but too happy, did God grant me the grace to lose my life in succoring and converting souls. All those who come to Canada, and especially those sent among the Hurons, face these dangers; and if, from fear of Iroquois torments, or other motive, no one possessed courage enough for this, that ill-starred nation would end with being entirely forsaken, and deprived of all spiritual succor. Worthy, then, of envy are those who there find their death. To speak the truth, what consoled me, was less this consideration than the thought that God and obedience had placed me there. I implored him to accept my sacrifice, as he accepted that of the good thief, finding myself more guilty than that happy crucified one, and punished like him, but for sins greater than his. I called to mind the doctrine of the Council of Trent, (Session 14, chapter 9,) which says that the accepting of sufferings, even though inevitable and necessary, doth satisfy the justice of God, and the chastisement which sins deserve.

I should have been reluctant to answer the second question, which concerns my interior, did I not know that it is glorious "to reveal and confess the works of God." "*Opera Dei revelare et confiteri, honorificum est,*" and did I not hope thereby to cooperate with your devotion. I shall tell you then, in all sincerity, what are the three graces and signal favors which God vouchsafed me at this time. The first is, that though I was every moment within an inch of death, which was constantly before my eyes, my mind always enjoyed the same liberty, and I was able to do each action with due reflection; if, then, I have erred in anything, it cannot



be attributed to inadvertence, which might have resulted from the weakness of my head, or the trouble which fear inspires, but to an inexcusable malice. My body was in an utter helplessness. I could scarcely open my lips to say Our Father, while interiorly I acted with as much liberty and facility as I do now.

The second grace which I obtained, was to prepare my soul, so that it accommodated itself, that in proportion to the dangers and sorrows which increased around me, my interior dispositions changed, and I felt less horror for death and the fire.

The third, was the excluding from my heart even the slightest feeling of indignation against my torturers, and the inspiring me even with sentiments of compassion for them. The grace was measured by my weakness and little virtue. I said to myself, on seeing them, "This man (would to God it were given to me to rescue him by my blood!) will be far differently tormented in hell, while I hope to succeed in effacing some of my sins by the slight sufferings I undergo." He is then to be pitied, not I.

I have thus answered your second question.

Third. I take up the third question, which is, What were my occupations, and what consolation I found, or what was sent me from heaven in my miseries? I had formerly relished St. Bernard's paraphrase on these words of the Apostle, "*Non sunt condigna passionis*," etc., and in that hour it afforded me much consolation. "The sufferings of this life bear no proportion to my past faults, which God pardons me, to the consolations which he bestows on me here below, or to the glory which he promises me hereafter." Surely my suffer-

ing were a mere nothing compared to so immense a gain. *Momentaneum et leve tribulationis nostræ.*

Yet do not imagine that I was insensible to pain. I felt it acutely, but I had inwardly such strength to bear it, that I was astonished at myself, or rather at the adundance of grace, a favor, I believe, like that which David experienced, when he said, *In tribulatione dilatasti mihi*—"In tribulation thou hast dilated my heart." I esteem this grace more highly than that of my deliverance, *et de omni tribulatione eripuisti me*, "and from every tribulation hast thou rescued me."

The goodness of God, whom we have offended, must be very great, since he is satisfied with such a trifle for a debt so immense, and accepts the pains of this life, instead of the torments of purgatory. "How good is the God of Israel to the pure of heart!" and, what is greater still, to the wicked in heart. *Quam bonus Israel Deus his qui recti sunt et his qui iniquo sunt corde.*

Yet some interior pains I did feel, though not at the time of my torture, which I dreaded much more before I suffered them than while I actually underwent them. Often, indeed, I found them more horrid, when gazing upon others endure them, than when enduring them myself.

My interior pains were doubts as to faith, a temptation which I now believe common at the hour of death, not only by my own experience, but especially because the reason becomes clearer as each one dies. Man, then, seeing himself actually, at that moment, forsaken, as it were, by creatures, can find consolation only in the thought of God and a paradise, that await him.

Then the fiend, to trouble our joy, weaken our hope, and, to use the scriptural expression, mingle our wine with water, (*vinum tuum mixtum est aquâ*,) raises doubts on all these truths. But the goodness of God, who “bringeth down to hell, and bringeth back again,” (1 Kings ii. 6,)—*deducit ad inferos et reducit*—did not forsake me. It suggested for myself the advice I would myself have given another on such an occasion, and I found my soul filled with great peace and tranquillity. I made a journey of several miles one day, reciting no other prayer than the Creed, and experienced so much consolation, that this march, otherwise painful, both in itself, and on account of a very heavy load that I carried, seemed to me quite short.

As to my occupations, you speak either of interior, of which I have not spoken, or of exterior, and these were given me by my tormentors. I passed a great part of the day in their cabins, or on their stages, where I was a but for the insults and railleries, not of men merely, but of children, who left me not one or two hours even of rest, day or night. The usual conversation was—“We will burn thee; we will eat thee; I’ll eat a foot—I a hand,” etc.

You wish to know, in the fourth place, whether I did not find some Indians more compassionate towards me, or at least less cruel, than the others. I have no doubt that such there were; but none dared give expression to this feeling for fear of contempt; for, among them, it is a proof of bravery to torment a prisoner cruelly, and a mark of cowardice to show compassion for his sufferings.

One evening, when, for the last time, they were

burning the third finger of my right hand, instead of singing, as they bade me, I intoned the Miserere, but in so horrible a voice that I alarmed them. They all listened with attention, and the one that was burning me then remitted some of the cruelty with which he had begun ; yet he continued for fear of being laughed at. I thought my last hour had come, so great was the excess of my pain. I began to exhort our Huron prisoners to suffer with courage, and, above all, by a sentiment of faith, telling them that the hope of Paradise delivered me from the fear of death. They promised to do so, and two of them, who were soon after roasted at a slow fire and eaten, kept their word. I had heard their confessions before their execution.

It is a great torment to be bound tight with cords, and I had not yet well understood it, when meditating on the passion of our Lord. In this position, it was absolutely impossible for me to close my eyes, and yet they left me thus the whole night. At daybreak, I prayed some one to unbind me ; if he perceived that the eyes of others were upon him, he ridiculed, instead of relieving me, so as not to draw upon himself the reproach of cowardice, but, when he could do it unseen, I was actually relieved.

Certain it is that, had they all been cruel to the same degree, I should have died of hunger ; for, not having the use of my hands, food had to be given to me. Many, instead of putting into my mouth the kind of polenta, which was my food, let it fall on my breast, or threw hot coals on my skin ; but others, moved with compassion, came and threw them off on the ground, and gave me, though sparingly, wherewith to maintain life.

The last question was this: "Why did I not labor to render them more humane?" To seek to render them more humane is to provoke them. I told them, one day, that my bonds were too tight, and that I should die by that torture, and not by fire as they threatened. The consequence was, that they drew the cords tighter. "Well," said they, then laughing at me, "are you better off now?" making, as is their wont, a frequent use of bitter irony.

I have forgotten to say that they did not leave me in the evening till I expected to die that very night, so feeble did I feel; yet, by a special providence of God, no sooner had they unbound me in the morning than I closed my eyes, and dreamt that I was perfectly healed. Although I endeavored to banish this thought, as a temptation capable of diverting me from the salutary thought of death, and, in sleep, several times made the reflection that it was but a dream, I was unable to convince myself of it, and, on waking, examined whether it was really so or not.

This thought, dream though it was, so roused my courage that, after one or two hours' rest, I felt full of life and vigor to suffer as I did the first day.

Here ends the letter.

The missionary who wrote this letter can give still another proof of the dangers which beset these voyages from this race of brigands. In four voyages, which obedience and the wants of the mission required him to make at different times into those parts, he fell in with them three times, and was wounded by them anew.



Thus does Father Bressani modestly, and under the cover of an anonyme, relate his captivity and perils; but we will be pardoned for adding a few words as to his subsequent labors.

Father Bressani had not, however, abandoned his Canadian mission; sufferings had not alarmed him; they only bound him more closely to that field of his choice. He returned immediately to Quebec, and, having been present at a treaty of peace, concluded with the Mohawks on the 17th of July, 1645, set out in the fall for the Huron mission. "There," says Father Raguenaud, then Superior of the Missionaries in that country, "his mutilated head, his mangled hands, his body covered with wounds, rendered him, from his very coming, a better preacher than us all." He remained here, laboring with all zeal, till 1648, when, foremost in the hour of danger, he set out for Quebec with a party, who attempted to reach Quebec, and open a communication with that post, for the Iroquois were again ravaging the country. Almost in sight of Three Rivers they were attacked by the Mohawks, but the Hurons were prepared, and the assailants paid bitterly for their rashness, the whole Mohawk party was taken, cut to pieces, and the Hurons and their missionaries entered Three Rivers in triumph. Proceeding to Quebec, Father Bressani was joined by Father Gabriel Lalemant, the future martyr, Father James Bonin, Father Adrian Grelon, who died in China, and Father Adrian Daran, and with these proceeded, in August, to the Huron country. Arriving, they found that the Iroquois, both Mohawks and Senecas, had burst upon the Huron villages, destroyed Teanastayae, and massacred the missionary, Father Anthony Daniel. The missionaries rallied the survivors around them, but when, in the following spring, the Iroquois destroyed the towns of St. Ignatius and St. Louis, butchering Father Lalemant and Father Brebeuf, the Huron nation dispersed. Father Bressani proceeded with a part to an island on Lake Huron, now called Charity Island, but, as sickness and want soon thinned their ranks, he descended to Quebec again, in the fall of 1649, with a part of them. He reached his destination, but could never return; in the following year, however, he set out with a strong party to escort to Quebec all the Hurons who would emigrate to the Lower St. Lawrence. On the Ottawa they were attacked by the Mohawks. Father Bressani, who gave the alarm, received three arrows in the head, and narrowly escaped death. The Mohawks were entirely routed, and soon after

Father Bressani and his party met the Hurons descending, with all their missionaries.

The Huron mission being thus in a measure destroyed, two Fathers sufficed for the few who survived, and settled near Quebec. Many were thus unemployed, and such as were worn down by toil and suffering were sent back to Europe. Father Bressani was one of these. He set out for France on the first of November, 1650, and, recovering his health and strength, labored many years as a zealous missionary in the cities and towns of Italy, with a success due less to his eloquence than to his quality of a Confessor of Jesus Christ, bearing the glorious marks of his apostolate.

In 1653, he published an account of the Huron mission, of which a translation has recently appeared at Montreal: \* and at last, full of years and merits, he retired to Florence, and died in the novitiate in that city on the 9th of September, 1672.

\* *Breve Relazione d'Alcuni Missioni.* Macerata, 1653. *Relation Abregee de Quelques Missions par le Rev. Pere F. J. Bressani, traduit par le Rev. Pere Felix Martin, S. J.* Montreal, 1852.

VOYAGES  
OF  
REV. FATHER EMMANUEL CRESPEL,  
IN  
CANADA,  
AND HIS  
SHIPWRECK,  
WHILE RETURNING TO FRANCE.  
PUBLISHED BY  
SIEUR LOUIS CRESPEL,  
HIS BROTHER.  
FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MEYN.  
1742.

LEB

Oct 20 1742



## DEDICATION.

To His Excellency, Don Christopher de Portocarrero, Guzman Luna, Pacheco, Enriquez de Almanza, Funez de Villalpando, Aragon and Monrey; Count of Montijo, Lord of the town of Moquer; Marquis of Algava, Villanueva del Fresno and of Barcarota; Count of Fuentidueña; Marquis of Valderabano, Ossera, and Castañeda; Lord of the towns of Adrada, Guetordaxar, Vierlas, Crespa and Palacios; Grand Marshal of Castile; Grand Bailli of Seville; Hereditary Governor of the Castle and Fortress of Guadix; Principal Captain of the Perpetual Company of a Hundred Gentlemen attached to the House of Castile; Gentleman of the Chamber to His Catholic Majesty; President of the Supreme Council of the Indies; Grand Esquire of the Queen; Knight of the Illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece; Grandee of Spain; Ambassador Extraordinary of His Catholic Majesty to His Imperial Majesty:

MY LORD,—In presenting the work to your Excellency, I venture to assure you that the subject is truly worthy of you. The obedience and submission of Abraham to the orders of Providence, the zeal and courage of Moses, in leading the Israelites into the desert, the patience and resignation of Job, in suffering the evils by which God wished to try him, and—what is more admi-



nable—the vigilance, and especially the charity, without which St. Paul deemed himself nothing, are displayed in the course of this relation which I present to Your Excellency.

Can so many virtues displease Your Lordship, who admires them in others, and who, ever disposed to practise them, merit having them admired in yourself?

This work belongs, then, to Your Excellency, and should belong to no other. I do my DUTY in dedicating it to you, and what pleasure have I not in doing my duty?

This would be the place, My Lord, to do justice to all the qualities which so advantageously distinguish Your Excellency's mind and heart; but I fear to wound that modesty which renders these qualities still more admirable.

I shall content myself, then, My Lord, with saying, that all who have the honor to belong to you, bless every instant of the day which crowned their felicity in bringing them to Your Excellency.

Their attachment is your eulogy, the only one worthy of men who, like you, My Lord, make it an occupation to complete the happiness of those who belong to you.

This is not all, My Lord. No one can know you without gladly paying a tribute of his heart and admiration; the tribute we cannot but pay to virtue.

May Your Excellency, then, be ever like yourself; may you, for the glory of your august Master, and the good of your country, be ever in the ministry, which you discharge with so much distinction. Men like you, My Lord, should never die, and death could do nothing against Your Excellency, if public desires were accomplished.

For myself, My Lord, what thanks do I not owe  
Father Crespel, my brother, for having enabled me to  
tell the world that all my wishes centre in desiring  
Your Excellency's preservation ; and beg you to accept  
the most profound respect with which

I have the honor to be, My Lord,  
Your Excellency's most humble and  
Most obedient servant,

LOUIS CRESPEL.

## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THIS work would surely need no preface, had the author intended it for publication ; but, as his only aim in writing was to satisfy my curiosity, I cannot forbear giving the reader my reasons for publishing it. I had shown the manuscript to several persons whom taste and talent distinguish more than their rank and birth ; all advised me to present it, assuring me that the public would thank me for doing so. My affection for my brother, and my desire of pleasing the public, convinced me that I ought to follow this counsel ; I hope my ready acquiescence will not be treated as folly or blindness. At all events, my motives were laudable, and I am sure of finding favor with those who do not seek to cast ridicule on men's intentions.

I also believe that I should tell how and for what reason these letters were written ; this will be an excuse for Father Crespel, my brother, if his style seems to deserve censure, and if he does not seem to enter into sufficient detail.

I had long pressed him to tell me what had happened to him in his voyages ; for several months he resisted ; but, wearied doubtless with my frequent importunity, he sent me, by one of my brothers now in Russia, a Relation which I found too succinct. I complained of

his indolence in drawing me up only a journal ; I asked him for something more circumstantial, and, to induce him not to refuse me, I told him—what was true—that many persons to whom I had read his letter, regretted that he had made it so short, and that they had begged me to entreat him to send me a more detailed Relation of his travels in the New World, and his shipwreck while returning to France ; he yielded to my wish, and during his stay at Paderborn, wrote the letters which I publish.

It would be wronging my brother to suspect him of exaggeration in his narrative. Those by whom he has the honor of being known, are aware what a lover of truth he is, and that he would die sooner than betray or disguise it ; moreover, the character with which he is invested does not suppose an impostor, and I can say that my brother has never rendered himself unworthy of it. Lastly, there are still many companions of his travels and his shipwreck ; would an honest man expose himself to be contradicted by one who underwent the same fatigues, and ran the same dangers ? It is all that one interested in imposing could do, and even he would EXPOSE himself only tremblingly, and in a country remote from all who could expose his knavery.

When I had the pleasure of seeing my brother in this city, at the passage of the French army, commanded by Marshal de Mailleboy, I had no little trouble in obtaining his permission to publish the letters ; they were written for me alone ; and it is known that, among brothers, no ceremony exists. My proposition at first shocked him. All men have their share of self-love ; they do not like to speak before all the world

as they speak to their friends; the fear of finding critics makes them labor with much more care on works intended for the public, and it is rendering one's self criminal in their eyes to expose to broad day what was made only to be seen privately. My brother, however, at last gave way. I showed him that a man in his state should lay aside all self-love; and I promised him, at the same time, to make known his repugnance to offering a work which he deemed unworthy of him. He allowed me then to publish his Relation, on my giving my word that I would neither add nor retrench any circumstance. I was far from thinking otherwise; so that all may rest assured that all they are about to read is conformable to the most exact truth, and that no one may alter it by imagined additions, or impose on the public, I shall take care to sign all copies which agree with the original.



## CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGES AND SHIPWRECKS OF FATHER EMMANUEL CRESPEL,  
RECOLLECT MISSIONARY IN NEW YORK, CANADA, AND THE WEST.

## LETTER I.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—You have so long evinced a desire to know the details of the voyage I formerly made to Canada, that fearing to give you grounds for suspecting my friendship, if I continued to decline acceding to your desire, I directed one of my brothers to send you a relation of all that befel me. You tell me that you have received it, and, at the same time, complain that it is too succinct, and that you would be glad to have it more detailed. I love you too well not to make it a pleasure to please you, but I will divide my relation into several letters. A single one would be too long, and would doubtless tire you. The mind does not always keep pace with the heart. I would perhaps become tedious if I spoke too long of other subjects than our friendship.

Do not expect to find this relation sustained by elevation of style, force of expression, and varied imagery; these graces of genius are not natural to me, and besides scarcely suit anything but fiction. Truth has no need of ornament, to be relished by those who really love it;

it is even difficult to recognize it, when presented with the dress usually thrown around the false to give it some resemblance to her.

You must remember, that towards the close of the year 1723, I was still at Avesnes, in Haynaut ; I then received, from my Superiors, permission to go to the New World, as I had long asked to do, and indeed, it would have been a great mortification had I been refused.

I set out, then, on the 25th of January, 1724 ; passing by Cambray, I had the pleasure of embracing you, and, on arriving at Paris, took an obedience from the Rev. Father Julian Guesdron, Provincial of St. Denis, on whom the missions of New France depend.

It would be useless to speak to you of Paris ; you know it better than I, and you know by experience that it deserves, in every way, to be the first city in the world.

On the first of May, I started for Rochelle, which I reached on the 18th of that month. I did not make a long stay there, for, after providing all that was necessary for the voyage, I embarked on the King's vessel, the Chameau, commanded by the naval lieutenants, de Tylly and Meschain.

The 24th of July, the day that we set sail, was marked by the death of Mr. Robert, just going out as Intendant of Canada. He was a gallant fellow, apparently endowed with every quality needed to fill worthily the post confided to him.

After a rather pleasant voyage of two months and a half, we arrived before Quebec ; I remained there till 1726, and remarked nothing in particular, beyond what

travellers say, and what you may read in their accounts. On the 17th of March, in the year of my departure from Quebec, Mr. de la Croix de St. Valier, Bishop of that city, conferred the priesthood on me, and soon after gave me a mission or parish called Sorel, south of the St. Lawrence, between Three Rivers and Montreal.

I was taken from my parish, where I had spent two years, to become chaplain of a party of four hundred French, whom the Marquis de Beauharnois had united with eight or nine hundred Indians of every kind of nation. There were especially, Iroquois, Hurons, Nepissings and Ottawas, to whom the Rev. Mr. Pellet, secular priest, and Father de la Bretonniere, Jesuit, acted as chaplains. These troops commanded by Mr. de Ligneris, were commissioned to go and destroy a nation called the Foxes, whose chief village lay about four hundred and fifty leagues from Montreal.

We set out on the 5th of June, 1728, and for nearly one hundred and fifty leagues, ascended the great river which bears the name of the Ottawas, and which is full of rapids and portages. We left it at Matawan, to take another leading to Lake Nipissing, or Mipissing; this river was thirty leagues long, and, like the Ottawa, it is interrupted by rapids and portages. From this river we entered the lake, which is about eight leagues wide, and from this lake, French River quickly bore us into Lake Huron, into which it empties, after a rapid course of over thirty leagues.

As it is impossible for many to go together on these little rivers, it was agreed that those who went first should wait for the others at the entrance of Lake Huron, at a place called Laprairie, and which is, in fact, a

very beautiful prairie. Here, for the first time, I saw the deadly rattle-snake ; when I have the pleasure of seeing you, I shall speak more particularly of these animals ; enough be it for the present, to say that none of our party were troubled by them.

As we had all come up by the 26th of July, I celebrated Mass, which I had deferred till then, and the next day we started for Michillima, or Missillima Kinac, which is a post situated between Lakes Huron and Michigan. Although we had a hundred leagues to make, the wind was so favorable that we reached it in less than six days. Here we remained some time to repair what had been damaged on the rapids and portages. I here blessed the standards, and buried some soldiers whom sickness or fatigue had carried off.

On the 10th of August, we set out from Michillimak-inac, and entered Lake Michigan. The wind which detained us there two days, enabled our Indians to go to hunt ; they brought back some moose and reindeer, and were polite enough to offer us some. We at first excused ourselves, but they forced us to accept their present, and told us, that, as we had shared with them the dangers of the route, it was fair that they should share with us the good things they had found ; and that they would not deem themselves men, if they acted otherwise towards other men. This speech, which one of our men translated for me, quite moved me. What humanity in savages ! how many men in Europe would better deserve the name of barbarian than these Americans !

This generosity of our Indians merited, on our part, indeed, a lively gratitude, for, as we had met no good

hunting-ground for some time past, we had been compelled to eat only pork; the moose and reindeer they gave us relieved us from the disgust we were beginning to feel for our ordinary food.

On the 14th of the same month, we continued our route to the Chicago bend, and, while crossing thence to Deathcape, which is five leagues off, a squall surprised us, and drove on shore several of the canoes which failed to double a point and reach shelter. They were dashed to pieces, and we were obliged to distribute in the other canoes the men who, by the greatest happiness in the world, had all escaped the danger.

The next day, we crossed to the Menomonees to invite the tribe to oppose our landing; they fell into the trap, and were entirely defeated.

We encamped, on the following day, at the mouth of a river called la Gasparde. Here our Indians entered the woods, and soon brought in several deer; this game is very common at this place, and we accordingly laid in a stock for some days.

On the 17th, at noon, we halted till evening, so as to reach the Post at Green Bay only at night. We wished to surprise the enemy, whom we knew to be among the Sacs, their allies, whose village is near Fort St. Francis. We began our march in darkness, and at midnight reached the mouth of Fox river, where our fort is built. As soon as we got there, Mr. De Lignerie sent some Frenchmen to the Commandant to know whether there were really any of the enemy in the Sac village, and, learning that there must be, he sent all his Indians, and a detachment of the French, over the river to surround the village, and ordered the rest of the



troops to enter it. With all our precautions to conceal our approach, the enemy were aware of it, and all escaped but four. These were made a present to our Indians, who, after amusing themselves with them, shot them to death with arrows.

I witnessed with pain this horrible sight, and could not reconcile with the sentiments of the Indians as expressed a few days before the pleasure they took in tormenting these wretches by making them undergo a hundred deaths before depriving them of life. I would have liked to ask them whether they did not perceive as well as I this contrariety, and show them what I saw blamable in their course, but all who could act as interpreters for me were on the other side of the river, and I was obliged to defer satisfying my curiosity to some other time.

After this little *coup de main*, we ascended Fox River, which is full of rapids, and has a course of thirty-five or forty leagues. On the 24th of August, we reached the Winnebago village, well disposed to destroy all whom we should find there, but their flight had preceded our arrival, and all we could do was to burn their cabins, and ravage their fields of Indian corn which affords them their principal nourishment.

We then crossed Little Fox Lake, at the end of which we encamped, and, the next day, the feast of St. Louis, we entered, after mass, into a little river which led us to a kind of marsh, on the bank of which lies the chief village of those whom we sought. Their allies, the Sacs, had doubtless warned them of our approach; they did not think proper to await us, and we found in their village only some women, of whom

our Indians made slaves, and an old man whom they burnt at the stake, without any apparent repugnance at the commission of such a barbarous action.

This cruelty seemed more marked to me than that which they had exercised against the four Indians whom they had taken in the Sac town. I availed myself of this occasion and circumstance to satisfy the curiosity which I mentioned a moment ago.

One of our Frenchmen understood the Iroquois language. I begged him to tell the Indians that I was surprised to see them take so much pleasure in tormenting a wretched old man, that the right of war did not extend so far, and that such barbarity seemed to me to belie the principles which they had seemed to entertain for all men. An Iroquois answered, and, to justify his comrades, said that, when they fell into the hands of the Sacs and Foxes, they received still more cruel treatment, and that it was their custom to treat their enemies as they themselves would be treated if conquered.

I would have wished to know this Indian's language to show him myself what was defective and blamable in his reasoning ; but I had to content myself with representing to him that nature, and particularly religion, required us to be humane to each other ; that moderation should direct us in every thing ; that the pardon and oblivion of injuries done us is a virtue whose practice is expressly enjoined by Heaven ; that I conceived that they ought not to spare the Sacs and Foxes, but that they should deprive them of life only as rebels and enemies of the State, and not as their private enemies ; that their vengeance was criminal ; that to descend to

such excesses as those into which they had fallen with regard to the five men whose lives they had inhumanly prolonged in order to put them to death in more cruel torments was, in some sort, to justify the barbarity with which they reproached their enemies ; that the right of war simply permitted us to take an enemy's life, and not, so to say, to become drunk in his blood, and to plunge him into despair, by putting him to death in any way but that of arms, or in any place but that of the combat ; lastly, that it was their duty to give the Sacs and Foxes an example of that moderation which is the part of a good heart, and which draws admiration and love on the Christian religion, and consequently on those who profess it.

I do not know whether my interpreter translated all that I have just said, but the Indian would never admit that he acted on a false principle ; I was going to give him some further reasons when the order was given to advance against the enemy's last fort. This post is situated on the banks of a little river, which joins another called Wisconsin, and falls into the Mississippi, thirty leagues off.

We found no one there, and, as we had no orders to go further, we spent some days in laying the country waste, so as to cut off from the enemy all means of subsistence. This country is fine enough : the soil is fertile, game common, and of good flavor ; the nights are very cold, and the day extremely hot. I will speak to you, in my second letter, of my return to Montreal, and of what happened down to my departure for France. I wish first to hear from you, and learn whether you find this sufficiently detailed. The sequel

of my relation will depend on your answer, and I shall omit nothing to prove the tender friendship with which I am, dear brother, your affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, January 10th, 1742.

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LETTER II.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Nothing can be more flattering to my self-love than your answer. My first letter, you say, has satisfied many intelligent persons to whom you showed it, and excited their curiosity to such a degree that they are extremely impatient to see the rest of my travels. This desire, of which I feel all the advantage, might injure me if I delayed to gratify it. Things too long expected lose their value, and no one should fear this more than myself.

After the expedition of which I have spoken, if, indeed, we can give that name to an absolutely useless step, we resumed the route for Montreal, from which city we were about four hundred and fifty leagues distant. On our way, we burnt the fort at the bay, because, being too near the enemy, it would not have been a safe retreat to the French left on guard there. The Foxes, roused by the ravage of their country, and convinced that we would not venture a second time into their territory in the uncertainty of finding them, would have obliged our troops to shut themselves up in the fort, would have attacked, and perhaps beaten them there. When we were at Micheillemakinak, the

commandant gave a *carte-blanche* to all. We had still three hundred leagues to go, and we should undoubtedly have run out of provisions, if we had not used every effort to expedite our movements. The wind favored us in passing Lake Huron, but we had almost constant rain while ascending French river, traversing Lake Nipissing, and on the little river Matawan; it stopped when we entered the Ottawa. I cannot express the rapidity with which we descended that great river; imagination alone can form a just idea. As I was with men whom experience had rendered skilful in shooting the rapids, I was not among the last at Montreal, which I reached on the 28th of September, and left only in the spring, in obedience to an order given me to descend to Quebec.

I had no sooner arrived in that city than our commissary appointed me to the post of Niagara, a new establishment, with a fortress situated at the entrance of a beautiful river that bears the same name, and which is formed by the famous falls of Niagara, south of Lake Ontario, and six leagues from our fort. I accordingly again bent my way to Montreal, and thence passed to Frontenac or Catarakouy, which is a fort built at the entrance of Lake Ontario. Although it is only eighty leagues from Montreal, we were fifteen days in reaching it on account of the rapids we had to pass. There we waited some time for favorable winds; for, at this place, we leave the canoes to take a vessel which the king has had built expressly to run to Niagara. This vessel, which gauges about eighty tons, is very light, and sometimes makes her trip, which is seventy leagues, in less than thirty-six hours. The lake is very



safe, free from shoals, and very deep; about the middle I sounded with nearly a hundred fathoms of line, but could not touch bottom; its width is about thirty leagues, and its length ninety.

We set sail the 22d of July, and reached our post on the morning of the 27th. I found the spot very agreeable, the chase and fishery are productive, the forest of extreme beauty and full, especially of walnut, chestnut, oak, elm and maple, such as we never see in France.

The fever soon damped the pleasure we enjoyed at Niagara, and troubled us till fall set in, which dissipated the unhealthy *air*. We spent the winter calmly enough, I may say agreeably, had not the vessel, which should have brought us supplies, been compelled, after standing a terrible tempest on the lake, to put back to Frontenac, and left us under the necessity of drinking nothing but water.

As the season was far advanced, it did not venture to set sail again, and we got our supplies only on the first of May.

From Martinmas the failure of wine prevented my saying Mass, but, as soon as the vessel got in, the garrison went to their Easter duties, and I started for Detroit on the invitation of a religious of my order, who was missionary there. It is a hundred leagues from Niagara to this post, which is situated six leagues from the entrance of a very beautiful river, about fifteen leagues from the extremity of Lake Erie.

This lake, which may be a hundred leagues long, and some thirty wide, is very flat, and consequently bad when the wind is high; towards the north, above the Great Point d' Ecorres, it is bounded by very high sand

hills ; so that, if surprised by the winds in portions where there is no landing-place, and these are only every three leagues, experience has shown that the vessel must infallibly be lost.

I arrived at Detroit on the 17th day after my departure ; the religious whom I went to visit, (Father Bonaventure,) received me in a manner which wonderfully characterized the pleasure we usually feel on finding a countryman in a far country ; add to this, we were of the same order, and the same motive had led us from our native land. I was, therefore, dear to him, for more reasons than one, and he neglected nothing to show me how pleased he was with my visit. He was a man a little older than myself, and highly esteemed for the success of his apostolic labors. His house was agreeable and commodious ; it was, so to speak, his own work, and the abode of virtues.

The time not employed in the duties of his office, he divided between study and the labors of the field ; he had some books and the selection he had made gave some idea of his purity of life and extensive knowledge. The language of the country was quite familiar to him, and the ease with which he spoke it, endeared him to many Indians who communicated to him their reflections on all sorts of matters, and especially on religion. Affability wins confidence, and no one deserved it more than this religious.

He had carried his complaisance towards some of the people of Detroit, so far as to teach them French. Among these, I found several whose good sense, solid and profound judgment, would have made them admirable men, even in France, had their minds been culti-

vated by study. During the whole time I spent with this religious, I found daily new reasons to envy him a lot like his. In one word, he was as happy as men should be not to blush at their happiness.

After doing, at Detroit, what had led me thither, I returned to Niagara, and remained there two years more; during this time I learned the Iroquois and Ottawa languages, in order to converse with the people. This study at first afforded me the pleasure of conversing with the Indians, when I went to walk in the neighborhood of the post; in the sequel you will see that it was of great use to me, and actually saved my life.

When my three years' residence at Niagara had expired, I was relieved according to custom, and went to spend the winter in our convent at Quebec.

It was a great comfort for me to pass that rigorous season there; if we had not what is superfluous, at least we never wanted what is necessary, and, what is not the least consolation, we receive news from home, and have persons to converse with.

Early in the spring, the chaplain of Fort Frontenac fell sick, and our Commissary appointed me to go and take his place. I have already spoken of the situation of this post; we live agreeably there, and game is found in abundance in the marshes, by which Fort Frontenac is surrounded.

I remained here only two years, when I was recalled to Montreal, and soon after sent to Crown Point in Lake Champlain. It will not be amiss, I think, to tell you why this point bears the name of Crown or Scalp. When the Indians kill any one on their expeditions, it is their custom to take off his scalp, which they bring

in on top of a pole, to prove that they have defeated the enemy. This ceremony, or, if you like, this custom, began on this point, after a kind of combat, in which many Indians lost their scalps, which gave name to the place where the battle was fought.

Lake Champlain is some fifty-five leagues long ; it is studded with very beautiful islands, and its water, which is very pure, makes it abound in fish. The fort which we have in this place, bears the name of St. Frederic ; its situation is advantageous, for it is built on an elevated point about fifteen leagues distant, northerly from the extremity of the lake ; it is the key of the colony on that side, that is to say, on the side of the English, who are only twenty or thirty leagues off.

I arrived there, on the 17th of November, 1735. The season, which began to be severe, multiplied the difficulties of our way ; it is one of the most painful I ever made in Canada, if I except my shipwreck, as you may judge.

The day of my departure from Chambly, a post about forty leagues from St. Frederic, we were obliged to sleep out, and during the night about a foot of snow fell. The winter continued as it set in, and, although we were lodged, we did not suffer less than if we were in the open fields. The building where they put us was not yet finished ; we were only partially sheltered from the rain, and the walls, which were twelve feet thick, having been finished only a few days, added still more to our troubles which the snow and rain gave us. Many of our soldiers were seized with scurvy, and our eyes became so sore, that we were afraid of losing our sight without resource. We were not better fed.

than lodged. Scarcely can you find a few patridges near the fort, and, to eat venison, you must go to Lake George to find it, and that is seven or eight leagues off.

We finished our buildings as soon as the season would permit, but we preferred to camp out in summer, rather than remain any longer.

Yet we were not more at ease, for the fever surprised us all, and not one of us could enjoy the pleasures of the country.

This state, I avow, began to be tedious, when, towards the month of August, I received from my provincial, an obedience to return to France. The religious whom our Commissary sent to relieve me, was of our province, and Peter Verquillé by name ; he arrived on the 21st of September, 1736, at St. Frederic, and I set out the same day at four or five o'clock in the afternoon.

The next day, we had a favorable wind, which drove us on to La Pointe, about eight leagues from Chambly.

On the 23d, we were well-nigh lost in shooting the St. Teresa rapids ; this was the last danger I ran before reaching Quebec, where I expected to embark at once for France.

Such, my dear brother, is a brief account of my travels in a part of New France. Those who have travelled in that country can see that I know the ground, and, in this, I have endeavored to be accurate. The relations of many travellers tell us a thousand things which I could only repeat after them ; in writing my travels, my design was only to detail the shipwreck I suffered on my way back to France. The circumstances attending it are most interesting ; prepare your heart for emotion and sadness ; what remains for me to write



will excite your curiosity only by heightening your compassion ; do not blush at indulging in it, dear brother ; a noble heart is ever sensible to the misfortunes of others ; he who would be unmoved by the miseries of his brethren, bears, so to speak, a stamp of reprobation which justly cuts him off from human society.

I shall write you some weeks hence ; do not answer this, as I must go some leagues from this town, your letter might not reach me, and I do not wish to risk its loss.

Do not be impatient for my third, I shall write some pages every day ; rely on my word, and believe that I shall be, for life,

My dear brother, your affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, January 30, 1742.

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#### LETTER III.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—It is not a fortnight since I sent you my second letter ; you must see, by my diligence in writing the third, that I do not wish to keep you waiting for the sequel of my narrative. If I were master of all my time, my letters would be longer and more frequent ; but duty must be preferred to all else, and I can only afford you the hours not taken up by the indispensable duties of my state

I remained some time at Quebec, awaiting an opportunity to return to France ; two offered at once ; the first in the king's vessel, *Le Héros*, of which I did not

avail myself; the other was offered me by the *Sieur de Freneuse*, a Canadian sprung from the noble family of the *d'Amours*; the friendship that existed between us induced me to accept his offer with pleasure, and I could not refuse his request that I should act as chaplain. He was a very fine man, whom an experience of forty-six years had rendered most skilful in navigation; and *Messrs. Pacaud*, Treasurers of France, and shippers at *Rochelle*, had thought it impossible to confide their ship *La Renommée*, to better hands. It was a new vessel, a good sailer, convenient, with a cargo of three hundred tons, and armed with fourteen pieces of cannon.

Several gentlemen, for security and pleasure, asked to go with us, so that we were fifty-four on the vessel.

We weighed anchor and set sail on the third of November, with several other vessels, and we all anchored together at *Trou St. Patrice*, three leagues from *Quebec*.

The next day we made the traverse, that is to say, we crossed the *St. Lawrence* from south to north, and the same day we reached the end of *Isle Orleans*, nine miles from *Quebec*, and anchored off *Cape Maillard*.

On the 5th, we hoisted sail to pass the *Gouffre*, but we were unable to do so on that day, and were compelled to put back to the spot from which we had started, to avoid being carried away by the current, which runs towards that point from a considerable distance.

We were more fortunate next day, for we passed this *Gouffre* without accident, as did the *Sieur Veillon*, who commanded a brigantine for *Martinique*, and who, like ourselves, had been unable to pass the day before.

The ships with which we had set sail, had passed at

the first attempt, so that we were without company, and cast anchor at La Prairie, near Isle aux Coudres.

On the 7th, we continued our route to Isle aux Lievres, and thence to Mathan, where a slight northerly wind arose, on which our captain, who knew its fury at that season, avowed that we had everything to fear. He, accordingly, deemed it best to find a roadstead, that is to say, a suitable place to shelter us against the coming storm. The winds, soon after, obliged us to tack, and the next day, the 11th of the month, towards eight in the evening, they veered to N. N. E., N. E., E. N. E., E., and at last, to S. S. E., and then continued in that quarter for two days. During all this time we tacked about along Isle Anticosti, with reefed topsails; but as soon as the winds veered to S. S. W., we steered S. E. by E. and S. E., till the morning of the 14th. On that day, we endeavored to make the shore, but went aground a quarter of a league from land, on the point of a shoal of flat rocks, about eight leagues from the southern point of Isle Anticosti.

Our ship now struck so frequently, that we expected every moment to see it open under us. The time must have been bad, and the sailors in despair of our safety, since all refused to give a hand in reefing the sails and freeing the masts, although the strain they gave the ship was evidently hurrying on our ruin. The water rushed in in torrents; fear had deprived half of all presence of mind, and the general disorder seemed to announce our death.

But for our cannoneer, our situation would have been much more frightful; he ran to the bread chest, and, though the water had already reached it, he threw

out a part between decks; he thought, too, that some guns, a barrel of powder, and a case of cartridges, would become necessary, in case we escaped the danger we were actually in; all this he had carried up. His precaution was not useless, and, but for it, I would not have the consolation of writing to you, my dear brothers. The sea was as violent as the wind, neither diminishing in the least; the waves had carried away our rudder, and we were obliged to cut away our mizen-mast to throw it overboard. We then let down our boat, taking every precaution to keep it ahead, so as to prevent its being driven against the ship and dashed to pieces; the sight of death, and hope of deferring it, gave courage to all; and, although we were sure of being miserable in that desert island for some months at least, each thought he would gain much by exposing himself to everything to save his life.

After getting our boat afloat, we suspended it on the davits, in order to embark all we had more easily, and get a wide berth as soon as possible to save ourselves from the heavy sea, which would, perhaps, have driven us on the vessel, if we had not got off with speed. But it is in vain for men to rely on their prudence; when God lays his heavy hand upon them, all their precautions are useless.

We entered the long boat to the number of twenty, and, at that instant, the pulley of the fore davit gave way; judge of our situation! the boat remained hanging by the stern, and, of those in it, several fell into the sea; others clung to the sides, and some, by means of ropes, hanging over the ship's sides, got on board again.

The captain, seeing the disaster, cut or slipped the

stern pulley, and the long boat righting, I jumped in to save Mr. Lévêque and Dufresnois, who were almost drowned. Meanwhile, the sea used our long boat so roughly, that it was leaking at every seam. Without rudder, without strength, a frightful wind, rain in torrents, a sea in fury, and an ebb tide, what could we expect but a speedy end? Yet we made every effort to get off; some bailed, one steered with an oar,—everything was wanting, or against us, and, to fill up our miseries, we shipped two seas that left us knee-deep in water; a third would have surely swamped us; our strength began to give out as it became more necessary; we made little headway, and, with good reason, began to fear our longboat would fill before we could reach land. The rain prevented our making out a proper place to run in; all before us seemed very rocky, or rather we saw nothing but death.

I believed that it was time to exhort all to prepare, by an act of contrition, to appear before God. This I had deferred till now, so as not to augment the panic or unman their courage; but there was no recoiling, and I did not wish to have my conscience reproach me with a neglect of duty. Every one prayed, and after the *Confiteor*, I gave a general absolution. It was a touching sight! All those men bailing and rowing, while they implored our Lord to have mercy on them, and forgive them the sins which made them unworthy of partaking of his glory; at last they were prepared for death, and awaited it without repining. As for myself, I commended my soul to God. I recited the *Miserere* aloud, all repeating it after me. I saw no hope left. The longboat was going down, and I had



already muffled my head in my cloak, so as not to see the moment of our going down, when a gust of wind suddenly drove us ashore.

You may imagine, how eagerly we sprang from the longboat; but we were not yet out of danger; several waves broke over us, some of which knocked us down, and very nearly carried us out of our depth; yet we made head against them, and got off with no harm, but swallowing an abundance of sand and water.

In this confusion, some one had presence of mind enough, to keep hold of the line or chain attached to the longboat, and hold it fast; but for this precaution, it was all over, as you will see by my next letter, or perhaps by the close of this.

Our first care was to thank God for delivering us from so great a danger, and, in fact, without a special aid of Providence, it would have been impossible to escape death. We were on a little sand-bank, separated from the island by a small creek, running from a bay a little above the place where we were. It was with great difficulty that we crossed this creek, for it was so deep, that for the third time we were on the point of perishing. The sea, which began to fall at last, enabled us to go and get what we had in the longboat, and bring it to the island. This was a new fatigue, but it could not be put off. We were wet to our very bones, and so was everything we had. How could we make a fire in this state? Yet after some time we succeeded. It was more necessary than anything else, and although it was long since we had tasted food, and hunger was pressing on us, we thought of satisfying it only after getting a little warm.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, our small boat came to land with only six men; the sea was so violent that it had been impossible for more to expose themselves in it. We went to meet them, and took all necessary precautions to bring it in without injuring it. Without this boat we could never have got to the ship to bring off the provisions which the cannoneer had saved, nor the seventeen men still on board.

However, none durst undertake to go there that day. We passed the night sadly enough. The fire we had made had not yet dried us, and we had nothing to shelter us in that rigorous season. The wind seemed to us to be rising, and although the vessel was strong, new and well knit, there was every ground for fearing that it could not hold together till next morning, and that all on board would perish miserably. About midnight the wind fell, the sea subsided, and, at day-break, seeing the ship in the same state that we left it, several sailors went out in the boat. They found all on board well, having passed the night more at ease than we did, since they were sheltered and had something to eat and drink. They put some provisions in the boat, and brought all off; they came seasonably for us, as we were now suffering cruelly from hunger.

We took what was necessary for a meal, that is to say, about three ounces of meat a piece, a little soup, and some vegetables that we put in. We had to economize, and not expose ourselves to run out of provisions so soon. We sent to the ship a second time to save the carpenter's tools, tar, which we needed to repair our longboat, an axe to cut wood, and some sails to make a cabin. All this was a great help, especially

the sails, for two feet of snow fell that night. On the next day, November 16th, while some went on board for stores, the others laid hold of the long-boat, and at last got it high and dry by means of a double pulley. The state we found it in, showed us how near death we had been, and we could not conceive how it had ever brought us ashore; we now did all we could to repair it. The mizen yard, which was thrown up on the shore, enabled us to make a keel; we made the bottom of a piece of wood cut in the forest; we made two linings for the bottom, with boards which we got on board, and at last it was refitted as well as our position enabled us.

I defer to my next the sequel of my shipwreck; before continuing it, I should be glad to hear of you; such tidings interest no one more than myself, who am, with the warmest friendship, my dear brother, your very affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, February 13, 1742.

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LETTER IV.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have just received your answer, which gives me infinite pleasure. I was especially touched by what happened to you, in your Italian and Hungarian campaigns. Why did you not send me the details sooner? Here I must reproach you; but this cannot displease you, as it serves to show how sensible I am to all concerning you.

I am glad that the beginning of my shipwreck excites in your soul, the sentiments which I said it should ; it is a proof that I have not exaggerated the evils which I suffered, and saw others suffer. Yet, after all, my dear brother, that is only a slight sketch, and what I have yet to tell far surpasses all I have hitherto said, and deserves all your attention.

While we were refitting the longboat, we ate only once in twenty-four hours, and then our allowance was smaller than that I have already mentioned. It was prudent to act so ; we had only two months' stores in the ship, this being the usual provision made on sailing from Quebec to France ; all our biscuit was lost, and more than half our meat had been consumed or spoilt, during the eleven days we had been at sea ; so that, with all possible economy, we had only five weeks' food. This calculation, or, if you like, this reflection, announced death at the end of forty days ! for, after all, there was no prospect of finding, before then, any means of leaving the desert-island.

The ships which pass by it, sail altogether too far off, to perceive any signal we could make, and then how could we rely on them ? Our provisions could last no more than six weeks, at most, and no ship could pass for six or seven months.

I saw despair coming on, courage began to sink, and cold, snow, ice, and sickness, seemed banded to increase our sufferings. We sank beneath the weight of so much misery. The ship became inaccessible from the ice, which gathered around it ; the cold caused an intolerable sleeplessness ; our sails were far from shielding us from the heavy snows that fell, that year, six feet

deep, and fever had already surprised several of our comrades.

Such circumstances were too trying for us, not to seek to dispose otherwise. We accordingly resolved on a decisive step.

We knew that some of our countrymen were wintering at Mingan, on the main land to the north, in order to hunt seals for oil; there we were almost sure to get relief, but the difficulty was to reach it at that season; the rivers were all frozen, the snow was three feet deep, and increased day by day, and the distance was great, considering the season, and our condition, for we were forty leagues from the highest or northwest part of the island, which we had to make, turn, and descend somewhat, then cross twelve leagues of open sea.

We were resolved to surmount all those obstacles; our actual state gave us no fears of a more frightful one, but one reflection stopped us for some time. We could not all start for Mingan, and half of us would have to stay at this place which we were so eager to leave, even to expose ourselves to more real dangers.

Yet there was no other way—we must all resolve to die on that place at the end of six weeks, or part for a time. I showed them that the least delay would defeat our plan, as, during our irresolution, the bad weather increased, and our scanty stores were failing. I added, that I could well conceive the repugnance each one should have to remain where we were, but, at the same time, I showed them the absolute necessity of parting company, and I hoped our Lord would dispose the hearts of some, to let the others go in search of aid; I wound up, that we must dry the chapel furniture—that



to draw down on us the light of the Holy Ghost, I would celebrate his Mass on the 26th, and that I was sure our prayers would have the desired effect. All applauded my proposition ; I said the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and the same day twenty-four men offered to remain, provided provisions were left them, and a promise made, on the gospel, that relief would be sent as soon as the party got to Mingan.

I told my comrades, that I had made up my mind to stay with the twenty-four men who had offered to remain at the place of our shipwreck, and that I would endeavor to help them to await patiently the promised relief. All, however, opposed my design, and to dissuade me, said, that, as I knew the language of the country, I must go with the party, so that if Mr. de Freneuse and de Senneville should die, I might act as interpreter, in case we met any Indians on the island. Those who remained especially desired I should go ; they knew me incapable of breaking my word, and did not doubt, but that, on my arrival at Mingan, my first care would be to relieve them ; not but that those who were going were fully disposed to send a boat to their relief as soon as possible, yet they relied apparently more on the word of a priest, than that of one of themselves. When all was arranged, I exhorted those who remained to patience. I told them that the means of drawing upon them the blessings of Heaven, was not to give away to despair, and to abandon themselves entirely to the care of Providence—that they should keep themselves in continual exercise to keep off sickness, and not fall into discouragement,—that prudence required an economical use of the food we had left,

although I hoped to send them relief before it was spent ; but that it was better to have some over, than to run the risk of falling short. After giving this advice, those who were to go, began to make their preparations, and, on the 27th, we prepared to go ; we embraced our comrades, who wished us a successful voyage, and, on our side, we showed how anxiously we desired to relieve their distress ; we were far from thinking that it was our last embrace. Our farewell was most affecting, and the tears which attended it were a kind of presentiment of what was to befall us.

Thirteen got in the small boat, and seventeen in the longboat ; we set out in the afternoon, and rowed that day about three leagues, but could not make land, and were obliged to pass the night on the water, where we endured inexpressible cold.

The next day we did not make as much progress, but we slept ashore, and during the night a prodigious quantity of snow fell over us.

On the 29th, the wind was against us, and we were compelled by the snow, which still continued to fall in abundance, to go ashore very early.

On the 30th, the weather forced us to lie to ; at nine o'clock in the morning, we landed and made a good fire to cook some peas, which disagreed with several of our party.

On the first of December, the winds prevented our re-embarking, and, as our sailors complained of weakness, and said that they could not row, we cooked a little meat, which we ate after drinking the broth ; it was the first time after our departure, that we had feasted ourselves so well ; the other days we ate only a little

dried codfish raw, or a paste made of flour and water. On the morning of the second, the wind having changed to S. E., we set sail and made considerable progress; about noon we joined the small boat to eat together; our joy was extreme to see the fair weather continue, and the winds become more and more favorable to our route; but this joy scarce lasted at all, and gave place to the most frightful consternation. After our meal, we continued on our way; the small boat went faster by oars, but by sail we had the advantage; we thought better to keep off shore, so as to double a point which we perceived, and made signal to the boat to follow us, but they let themselves be driven in towards the land, and we lost sight of it.

At this point we found a frightful sea, and, although the wind was not very violent, we doubled it only by great effort, and taking in a great deal of water. This made us tremble for the small boat which was in shore, where the sea always breaks more violently than off. It was handled so roughly that it went down, and we heard no more of it till spring, as you will see by the sequel of my narrative. When we had passed the point, we endeavored to land, but the night was too far advanced, and we could not succeed; the sea was bordered by very high and rugged rocks for nearly two leagues, and, seeing at the end a sandy bay, we made for it at full sail, and landed there without getting much wet. We at once lighted a fire to show the small boat where we were, but this precaution was useless, because it had been dashed to pieces.

After eating a little paste, each one wrapped himself up in his blanket, and spent the night by the fire. At

ten o'clock, the sky clouded over, and snow fell abundantly till next day. As the fire melted it, the snow gave us much trouble, so that we preferred standing the cold to sleeping in water.

Towards midnight, the winds became so violent that our longboat, which was only a short distance off shore, having dragged its anchor, was driven ashore and almost dashed to pieces. The two men who were on board waking up, began to call out as loud as they could; we ran up at once. The captain and myself threw ashore what we could save of the little cargo; the others packed up what we threw out; and carried it as they supposed out of reach of the tide, but the sea became so furious that, as it rose, it would have carried off all we had just saved, had not our comrades taken the precaution to transport three different times what they thought secure at first. This was not enough; we had to get our boat ashore to prevent its being carried out to sea. The difficulty we had in getting it high and dry is inconceivable, and we did not accomplish it until ten o'clock in the morning; we then found it much strained and in need of considerable repairs. We deferred repairing it until the next day, and made a fire to dry ourselves; after which we ate a little to restore us after our night's toil. In the morning, the carpenter and all who were able to help him labored to put matters in shape, and a part of us went in search of the other boat, but in vain; and it was to no purpose that we remained there several days to get tidings of it. On the eve of our departure we killed two foxes, which enabled us to spare our provisions; in a situation like ours all must be turned to account, and the fear of starving to death prevented our

neglecting any opportunity of prolonging life. On the seventh of the month, we started at daybreak, with a slight favorable wind, by which we made considerable headway; about ten o'clock, we ate our two foxes; five hours after, the sky clouded over and the wind rising with the sea, we had to seek a harbor, but there was none. We were therefore obliged to stand off and sail before the wind to save ourselves. The night approached; rain, mixed with hail, soon closed the day; the wind drove us on with so much vehemence that we could scarcely govern it, and our boat had undergone too much rough usage to be able to stand such a storm. Yet we had to yield to the circumstances.

At the height of the danger we were driven into a bay, where the wind still vexed us, and where it was impossible to find a landing; our anchor could not hold anywhere; the storm increased every moment, and our boat being driven on some shoals, we thought that we had not an hour to live.

We nevertheless endeavored, by throwing overboard part of our boat's load, to put off the fatal moment. Scarcely had we done this when we were surrounded by ice; this more than redoubled our fear, as the cakes of ice were furiously tossed about and broke against us; I cannot tell you where they drove us, but I shall not exaggerate by telling you that the various tossings we met with that night are beyond all expression. The darkness increased the horror of our condition; every blast seemed to announce our death. I exhorted all not to distrust Providence, and, at the same time, to put themselves in a state to go and render God an account



of a life which he had granted us only to serve him, and I reminded them that he was the Master to take it from us when he pleased.

Day came at last, and we endeavored amid the rocks to make the bottom of the bay, where we were a little more tranquil; every one regarded himself as having escaped the gates of the grave, and rendered thanks to the almighty hand which had preserved us amid such imminent danger.

With all our efforts we could not make land, the water being too shallow. We had to cast anchor, and, to get ashore, we had to go waist-deep in some parts, knee-deep in all. We had with us the kettle and flour to make paste. After taking some nourishment, our next thought was to dry our clothes, so as to start next day. In a few days I will give you the sequel of our disaster, and shall not await your answer.

I am, with all possible friendship, dear Brother, your very affectionate brother.

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, February 28, 1742.

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#### LETTER V.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—It is not a week since I wrote you my fourth letter, and I do not forget that at the close I promised to send you the fifth without delay. I now keep my word, and continue my narrative.

The cold increased so much during the night that the whole bay was frozen over, and our boat hemmed

in on all sides. In vain did we hope that the wind would detach it; day by day the cold became more intense; the ice got stronger, and we had no alternative but to land what little had not been thrown overboard, and to bring in all our provisions. We made cabins which we covered with fir branches; the captain and myself were versed in the way of building them, so that ours was one of the most comfortable. The sailors raised theirs along-side of ours, and, to hold the provisions, we erected a little place which no one could enter without being seen by all. This was a necessary precaution, and to prevent suspicion which might arise against those who had the charge of it, and to prevent any one from consuming in a few days what was to support us for many long days.

The following was the furniture of the apartments we had made for ourselves; the iron pot in which we had heated the tar, served us as a kettle; we had only one axe, but no stone to sharpen it, and our only preservative against the cold, was our clothes and some half-burned blankets. Had any of these failed us, we should undoubtedly have perished. Without the pot, it would be impossible to cook anything to sustain life; without the axe, we could get no wood to keep up our fire, and without our blankets, bad as they were, there was no means of resisting the excessive cold which almost annihilated us at night.

This state, you will tell me, was frightful, and nothing could add to it; pardon me, dear brother, ere long it will be incredible. Its horror augments at every line, and I have much to write you before I come to the extremity of misery to which I was reduced.

Our sole resource was to be able to prolong our existence till the close of April, and to wait for the ice to melt, in order to continue our voyage in the boat; chance alone could bring us relief in that spot; it was mere delusion to hope for any. In this crisis, it was necessary to examine soberly what provisions we had, and to regulate the distribution in such a way that they should last till that time. We accordingly regulated our food in the following manner: in the morning, we boiled in snow-water two pounds of flour, to have paste or gruel; in the evening, we cooked in the same way, about the same weight of meat; we were seventeen in number, and consequently each had about four ounces of food a day. There was no talk of bread or anything else. Once a week only we ate peas instead of meat, and although we had only a spoonful apiece, it was, in reality, our best meal. It was not enough to fix the quantity of food which we were to take; we had also to settle on our occupations. Leger, Basile and myself, undertook to cut the necessary wood, be the weather what it might; some others agreed to carry it in; others, to clear the snow, or rather to diminish its depth, on the road we had to take to the woods.

You will perhaps be surprised at my undertaking to cut wood, an exercise for which I was not apparently adapted, and even you may think, beyond my strength; in one sense, you are right; but when you reflect, that violent exercise opens the pores, and gives vent to many humors, that it would be dangerous to leave festering in the blood, you will easily understand that I owe my preservation to this exercise. I always had foresight to tire myself extremely whenever I felt heavy or

feverish, and especially when I thought myself affected by the bad air. I accordingly went every day into the woods, and there in spite of all the efforts to clear away the snow, we often went waist-deep. This was not our only trouble in this employment; the trees in our neighborhood were full of branches, all so loaded with snow, that, at the first stroke of the axe, it knocked down the one that struck; we were all three in succession thrown down, and we often fell each two or three times, then we continued the work; and when, by repeated shaking, the tree was disencumbered of the snow, we felled it, cut it in pieces, and returned to the cabin, each with his load; then our comrades went for the rest, or rather for what was needed for that day. We found this hard work, but we had to do it; and although the fatigue was extreme, everything was to be feared if we neglected to keep it up manfully; the difficulty increased day by day, for, as we cut down the wood, we had to go further, and so lengthen our journey. Our weakness increased, as our toil became greater. Fir branches thrown down without order, were our bed; we were devoured by vermin, for we had no change of clothing; the smoke and snow gave us terrible soreness in the eyes, and, to complete our miseries, we became at once extremely costive, and afflicted by an incontinence of urine, which gave us not a moment's rest. I leave it to physicians to settle whence this arose; had we known the cause, it would not have availed us; it is useless to learn the source of an evil which we cannot remedy.

On the 24th of December, we dried our chapel furniture; we had a little wine left; I thawed it, and on

Christmas day, said Mass ; when it was over, I made a short discourse to exhort our folks to patience. It was a kind of parallel between what the Savior of the world had suffered, and what we endured, and I closed by exhorting them to offer their pains to our Lord, and by assuring them that this offering was a title to obtain the end and recompense. We can express much better the evils we feel, than those we see others experience. My words had the effect I expected ; each one resumed courage, and resigned himself to suffer, till it should please God to call him to himself, or to rescue us from danger.

On the first of January, considerable rain fell all day, and, as we could not shelter ourselves from it, we had to go to sleep all wet, and during the night, a violent norther, so to speak, froze us in our cabin, broke up all the ice in the bay, and carried the fragments off with our longboat ; a man named Foucault informed us of this by a loud cry ; we sought, in vain, the spot to which it had been carried. Judge of our consternation ; this accident crowned our misfortunes, and took away all hopes of seeing them end ; I felt all the consequences of it ; I saw despair seize on all ; some wished to eat at once what food we had, and go die at the foot of some tree ; others no longer wished to work, and, to justify their refusal, said, that it was useless to prolong their pain, as there was no apparent hope of escaping starvation. What a situation, my dear brother ! It would touch the hardest heart. I shed tears as I write it, and I know you are too sensitive to the miseries of others, to think that you can read my letter unmoved.

I had need to recall all my strength to oppose my



companions ; the best *reasons* which I alleged, seemed to excite impatience, and make them feel more poignantly their wretched state. As the mildness by which I had hoped to dissuade them from their course had failed, I assumed a tone which my character authorized ; I told them, with a boldness at which they were surprised, that “ God was doubtless irritated against us ; that he measured the evils which he sent us, by the crimes we had previously committed ; that these crimes were doubtless enormous, as the punishment had been so rigorous, and that the greatest of all was our despair, which, unless speedily followed by repentance, would become irremissible. How do you know, my brethren, but that you are at the close of your penance ? The time of the greatest sufferings, is that of the greatest mercy ; do not become unworthy of it by your murmurs ; the first duty of a Christian is to submit blindly to the orders of his Creator ; and you, rebel hearts, would you resist him ? Would you lose in an instant, the fruit of the evils which God sends you, only to render you worthy of the good things which he reserves for his children ? Would you become homicides, and, to escape transient pain, not fear to rush into torments which have no bounds, but eternity ? Follow your guilty resolve, accomplish your horrible design, I have done my duty ; it is your business to think that you are then lost forever. Yet I hope, I added, that among you, there will be some at least so attached to the law of their God, as to regard my remonstrance, and that they will join me in offering him their *pains*, and asking strength to bear them.”

When I had finished, I wished to retire, but all

stopped me, and begged me to pardon the excess of despair into which they had fallen ; they promised me with tears, that they would no longer provoke Heaven by their murmurs and impatience, and that they would redouble their efforts to preserve a life of which God, alone, and not they, was Master to dispose of it. Each one immediately resumed his ordinary occupation ; I went to the woods with my two comrades, and, when we got back, the other two went for the wood we had cut. When all were again together, I told them that, having still wine enough for two or three Masses, it would be well for me to celebrate one, to ask, of the Holy Ghost, the strength and light which we needed. The weather cleared on the 5th of January ; I chose that day to say the Mass ; scarcely had I finished it, when Mr. Vaillant and Foucault, the chief steward, a strong and vigorous man, informed us of their resolution to go and look for the longboat. I greatly praised their zeal in exposing themselves thus for their companions. However we may be situated, we like praise ; self-love never leaves us but with life. They had not been gone two hours, when we saw them coming back with a contented air, which made us believe that they had some good news to tell us ; this conjecture was not false, for Mr. Vaillant said, that, after walking an hour with Foucault, they had perceived a little cabin and two bark canoes ; that, on entering, they had found seals, fat, and an axe, which they brought off, and that impatience to announce this to their companions, had prevented their going further. I was in the wood when they came back ; the Sieur de Senneville ran to tell me of the discovery which Mr. Vaillant and Fou-

cault had just made ; I hurried back to the cabin, and I begged our two men to detail all that they had seen ; they repeated what they had told the others. Every word spread hope and joy over my heart ; I seized that occasion to extol the care of Providence over those who resign themselves entirely to it, and exhorted all to return thanks to God for the favor which he had just done us. The nearer a man is to the brink of the precipice, the more grateful he is to his deliverer. You may judge whether our gratitude was lively. A few days before, we believed ourselves hopelessly lost, and, when we despaired of receiving any assistance, we learned that there were Indians on the island, and that, towards the end of March, they could aid us, when they would return to the cabin to raise their canoes.

This discovery renewed the courage of those who had made it. They started next day full of the confidence which the first success gave ; they hoped to find our longboat ; their hope was not deceived, for, after going a little further than before, they perceived it off shore, and on returning found and brought with them a trunk full of clothes which we had thrown overboard, during that night of which I have spoken.

On the tenth, although the weather was very cold, we all went to try and put our boat in a place of safety ; but being full of ice, and that which lay around making it like a little mountain, it was impossible for us to draw it ashore ; a hundred men would not have succeeded without great difficulty ; and even then many would run the risk of perishing in the attempt. This obstacle did not cause us much grief ; to all appearance the owners of the two canoes had a larger craft with which they

had crossed, and we hoped to profit by it. We accordingly returned to our cabin; scarcely had we taken fifty steps when the cold seized Foucault so as to prevent him from walking; we were obliged to carry him, and when we got him to the cabin, he gave up his soul to God.

On the twenty-third, our master carpenter sank under the hardships; he had time to confess and died a sincere Christian. Although many of us had our legs swollen, we lost no one from the twenty-third of January, till the sixteenth of February; the expectation of the close of March supported us, and we already thought we saw those from whom we hoped for rescue, arriving; but God did ordain that all should profit by the relief which he sent us, the designs of his Providence are inscrutable, and, contrary as their effects may be to us, we cannot without blasphemy, accuse them of injustice; what we call evil is often, in the designs of our Creator, a benefit; and, whether he rewards or punishes us, whether he tries us by misfortune or prosperity, we always owe him thanksgiving.

Farewell, my dear brother, I expect to hear from you; my letter is long enough; I wish to let you sympathize with me for a time; this is a right which I believe I may require from your affection.

I am, and ever shall be, my dear brother, your affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, February 28, 1742.

## LETTER VI.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I expected to hear from you on the fifteenth, or, at latest, the eighteenth of this month. It is now the twenty-fifth, and I hear nothing of you. Your sentiments in my regard do not allow me to suppose that this delay is caused by any coolness or indifference; I prefer to think that business beyond your control has prevented you, and to show you that I do not make your silence a crime, I for the third time take the advance of you.

I closed my last letter by saying that we had reached the beginning of February, sustained by the hope of soon seeing the term of our misery, but that God had otherwise disposed, and, my dear brother, this I wish to explain to you to-day.

On the sixteenth, the *Sieur de Freneuse*, our captain, died after receiving Extreme Unction; some hours after, *Jerome*, the boatswain, confessed and departed this life with admirable resignation. Towards evening, a young man named *Girard* paid the same tribute to nature; he had for some days prepared to appear before God. A disease of the legs which had come on from warming himself too near, had induced him to put his conscience in order; in this I aided him. He made a general confession, and the contrition which he seemed to have for his sins, make me think he deserved pardon. Our master gunner fell the next night into a debility from which he never recovered; and finally *Robert*, another boatswain, was attacked by the sickness which had carried off the others; I prepared him to make an



abjuration ; he was a Calvinist ; and I avow that it was not easy to make him a Catholic ; fortunately, the goodness of the cause which I maintained supplied the stead of the necessary talents ; the Protestants are well instructed, we must admit ; I was twenty times amazed at Robert's arguments. What a pity, then, the basis of Calvinism rests on a false principle ! I exclaim—What a pity the Calvinists are not of our communion ! With what success would they not defend the right cause, when they so vigorously sustain a bad one !

At last this, Robert understood, and chose to avoid the danger of dying in any other creed than ours. On the twenty-fourth of February, he made an abjuration, repeated his profession of faith, and went to receive in a better life the reward of the evils he had suffered in this. As these died, we put their bodies in the snow beside the cabin. There was doubtless a want of prudence in putting our dead so near us, but we had not courage and strength to carry them further ; besides, our situation did not permit us to think of every thing, and we did not see any ground to fear the neighborhood of what might so corrupt the air as to hasten our end, or rather we thought that the excessive cold, which prevailed, would prevent the corruption from producing on us any of the effects which it would have been rational to dread in other circumstances.

So many deaths in so short a time, spread terror among all. Wretched as man may be, he never looks without horror on the moment which is to end his miseries, by depriving him of life. Some bewailed their wives and children, and bemoaned the state of misery into which their death would plunge their families ;

others kept complaining of being carried off at an age when they only began to enjoy life ; some, sensible to the charms of friendship, attached to home, and destined to agreeable, and advantageous positions in life, uttered cries which it was impossible to hear without shedding tears : every word they uttered cut me to the heart ; scarcely had I strength left to console. At first, I mingled my tears with theirs : I could not, without injustice, refuse them this consolation, nor condemn their grief. This conduct was dangerous, and I saw no course more proper than to allow the effect of their first reflections to subside. The object of their regret did not make them guilty ; what could I condemn in their grief ? It were an attempt to stifle nature, to silence it on an occasion when it would be worthy of contempt, if it were insensible.

The circumstances in which we were could not be more distressing. To see one's self die, to see friends die, unable to help them ; to be uncertain of the fate of thirteen persons, whose boat had been wrecked ; to have no doubt that the twenty-four near the vessel were not at least as wretched as ourselves ; to be ill fed, ill clothed, worn out, with sore legs, eaten up by vermin, blinded continually, either by the snow or by the smoke, such was our condition ; each one of us a picture of death ; we shuddered to look at each other ; and what passed in myself justified my comrade's lamentations.

Violent grief is never lasting, and extreme evils more frequently fail to find expression than moderate ones.

As soon as I saw them plunged in that silence which usually follows tears excited by a great misfortune, and

marking an excessive grief, I endeavored to console them, and this is about what I said.

“I cannot condemn your lamentations, my dear children, and God will doubtless hear them favorably. We have more than once experienced in our misery the effects of his goodness. Our longboat open at every seam, yet sustained and buoyed up the night of our shipwreck; the resolution of the twenty-four men who sacrificed themselves for us; and, above all, the discovery of the two Indian canoes, are events which clearly prove the protection which God affords us. He distributes his favors only by degrees. He wishes us, before he completes them, to render ourselves worthy by our resignation in suffering the evils which it shall please him to send us. Let us not despair of his Providence; it never abandons those who submit entirely to his will. If God does not deliver us in an instant, it is because he deems it proper to use for that purpose apparently natural means; he has already begun by leading the *Sieur Vaillant* and *Master Foucault* to the spot where the canoes are; let us rest assured that he will accomplish this work. For my own part, I have no doubt he intends those canoes for our deliverance. This relief, my dear children, must soon be offered us: we have almost reached the month of March, the time when the Indians will come and take their canoes; the term is not long; let us have patience, and redouble our attention to discover the coming of those from whom we expect relief. They doubtless have a sloop; let us implore God to dispose them to take us in; he holds in his hands the hearts of all men; he will soften for us the hearts of these Indians; he will excite their

compassion in our favor and our confidence in his goodness, joined to the sacrifice which we will make him of our pains will merit what we ask."

I then fell on my knees, and recited some prayers adapted to our situation and wants; all imitated me, and none thought more of his evils but to offer them to God. We were tranquil enough till the fifth of March; we beheld with joy the moment of our delivery approaching, we almost touched it, but God again chose to afflict us, and put our patience to new trials.

On the sixth of March, Ash-Wednesday, about two o'clock in the morning, a heavy snow, driven by a violent north wind, filled up our cup of misery: it fell so deep that it soon filled our cabin, and drove us into the sailors'. It entered here as much as into ours, but, as it was larger, we had more room; our fire was out; we had no means of making another, and to warm us we had no recourse but to huddle close to each other. We went to the sailors' cabin about eight o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, carrying our blanket and a little raw ham, which we ate as soon as we got in; we then threw the snow into a corner of the cabin, spread the large blanket on the ground, lay down on it, and the fragments of the small ones served to shield us from the snow more than from the cold. In this state we remained without fire, and without eating or drinking anything but snow, till Saturday morning.

I then resolved to go out, cold as it was, to bring some wood and flour to make paste. It was risking life not to expose it to seek relief against cold and hunger. During the three days and nights we had spent in the sailors' cabin, I had seen four or five men die with their

legs and hands completely frozen; we were fortunate not to be surprised in the same way, for the cold was so intense on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, that the hardest man would have infallibly died had he gone out of the cabin for ten minutes. You may judge by what I am going to tell you: the weather having become a little milder on Saturday, I determined to go out; Leger, Basile and Foucault, resolved to follow me; we were not over a quarter of an hour getting the flour, and yet Basile and Foucault had their hands and feet frozen on that journey, and died a few days after.

We were unable to go to the woods, which the snow rendered inaccessible, and we would have run the risk of perishing had we attempted to overcome this obstacle. We were, therefore, obliged to make our paste cold, each one had about three ounces, and we well-nigh paid with our lives this little relief, for all night long we were tormented by such a cruel thirst, and devoured by such a violent fever, that we thought every moment that we should be consumed.

On Sunday, the 10th, Furst, Leger, and myself, availed ourselves of the weather, which was pretty good, to go and get a little wood; we were the only ones able to walk, but the cold we had to endure, and the hardship we had to undergo, in clearing away the snow, well-nigh reduced us to the same state as the rest; fortunately, we held out against both; we brought in some wood, made a fire, and, with snow water and a little flour, we had a very thin paste, which, in some slight degree, alleviated our thirst.

All the wood which we brought in, was burnt up by eight o'clock, and the night was so cold, that the elder



Sieur Vaillant was found dead in the morning. This accident led Furst, Leger, and myself, to think it better to return to our own cabin ; it was smaller, and consequently warmer than that of the sailors ; the snow had stopped, and there was no sign of another snow-storm. Great as was our weakness, we undertook to throw out of our first cabin, the snow and ice which filled it ; we brought in new fir branches for beds, we went for wood, and lighted a great fire inside and outside of the cabin to warm it thoroughly. After this work, which had greatly fatigued us, we went for our companions. I brought the Sieurs de Senneville, and Vaillant the younger, whose legs and arms were frozen. Mr. le Vasseur, Basile, and Foucault, less afflicted than the others, endeavored to crawl along without help ; we laid them on the branches which we had prepared, and not one left them till after death.

On the 17th, Basile became insensible, and died two days after. Foucault, who was of a hardy constitution, and was young, suffered a violent agony ; his struggles with death made us tremble, nor have I ever seen a more terrible sight. I endeavored to do my duty on these sad occasions, and I hope, from the divine goodness, that my care has not been useless for the salvation of the dying.

Our provisions drew near the end ; we had no more flour ; we had scarcely ten pounds of peas ; we had not seven pounds of candles, nor as much pork ; and our last ham did not weigh at best three pounds. It was time to think of other means of living ; accordingly, Leger and I, for Furst, our mate, was unable, went at low water to get shell-fish ; the weather was pretty fair,

we walked knee-deep in water for two hours, and at last found on a sand-bank, a kind of oyster, with single shell ; we brought along all we could ; they were good, and whenever the weather and the tide permitted, we went and laid in a stock ; but they cost us pretty dear, for, on reaching the cabin, our hands and feet were both swollen, and almost frozen. I did not dissemble from myself the danger I ran in renewing too often this kind of fishery ; I saw the consequence, but what was to be done ? We must live, or rather put off, for a few days, the moment of our death.

Our sick companions grew worse daily ; gangrene set in their legs, and no one could dress them ; I undertook this charge ; it was incumbent on me to give an example of that charity which is the base of our holy religion, yet, for some moments, I wavered between the merit of fulfilling my obligations, and the danger of discharging them ; God gave me grace to triumph over my repugnance ; duty prevailed, and although the time of dressing my comrades' sores was the most cruel in the day, I never relaxed the care I owed them. I will inform you, in my seventh letter, of the nature of these sores, and you may judge how well founded was the repugnance I first felt to dressing them, or rather you will see how excusable it was as a first impression. I was well rewarded for my pain ; the gratitude of the sufferers is inconceivable. "What !" said one, "you expose yourself to death to save ourselves ? Leave us to our pain ; your care may soothe it, but will never dismiss it." "Leave us," said another, "and do not deprive those who are not to die, of the consolation of having you with them ; only help us to put our con-

science in a state to go and render an account to God of the days which he has left us, and then fly the corrupted air which all breathes around us."

You may judge that their entreaties were new ties which bound me to them ; they increased the pleasure which I felt in doing a duty, and gave me the strength and courage which I needed.

Farewell, brother, I have not time to tell you more ; besides, I should be glad to hear of you before ending my narrative, and to know the effect which my last three letters have produced in your heart, and on the hearts of those whom you have allowed to read it.

I am ever, with the same friendship, my dear brother,

Your very affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, March 28, 1742.

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LETTER VII.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I am happy to learn that your occupations have been the only cause of your silence ; I never suspected any other, and I see with pleasure that I was not mistaken. My last three letters have, you say, touched you as much as the previous ones have increased the curiosity of those who have seen them ; this flatters me greatly, and induces me to send you the rest without delay ; I hope you will have the last of it about the 18th of May, unless I am obliged to make some excursion before that ; be that as it may, you may rely on its being as soon as possible.

I soon saw that our sick comrades could not escape death ; they felt it themselves, and, although they seemed resigned, I did not deem myself dispensed from serving them the last days of their life. I said prayers morning and evening beside them ; I then confirmed them in the submission which they had to the will of Heaven ; "Offer your sufferings to Jesus Christ," I would say, "they will render you worthy of gathering the fruit of the blood shed for the salvation of the human race ; the Man God is the perfect model of that patience and resignation which I admire in you ; your exile is about to end ; and what thanks have you not to render to our Lord for having furnished you, by this shipwreck, the surest means of reaching the port of salvation ! You leave, indeed, wives who expect all from you, my dear friends ; you leave children, whose establishment was to be your labor, but hope in God, he is a good Father, he never abandoned his own, and rest assured, that, in calling you to himself, he will not forget that he has taken you from your families, who will, after your death, need the care of his Providence. He has, himself, promised to be the stay of the widow and the orphan ; his word is firm ; his promises are never ineffectual, and you, by your sufferings, especially deserve that he should cast a look of favor on your wives and children, and do for them much more than you ever could have done."

These poor dying men answered me only by assuring me that all their hope was in God, and that it was so firm that they were ready to leave the world without thinking of those whom they left, except to recommend them to his divine protection.

When I had finished speaking to them on spiritual things, I set to dressing their sores ; I had only lye to cleanse them ; I then covered them with some rags which I dried, and when I had to take these off I was sure to bring away strips of flesh which, by their corruption, spread an infected air even around the cabin.

After twelve days, their legs had only the bones ; the feet were detached, and their hands entirely wasted away. I was obliged to dress them several times ; the infection arising was so great that, every now and then, I had to get a breath of fresh air so as not to be suffocated. Do not think, dear brother, that I am imposing upon you ; God is my witness, that I add nothing to the truth, and the reality is more horrible than I can depict. Words are too feeble to express a situation like mine then. How many touching things could I not tell you, if I set down the words of these poor wretched men ! I constantly endeavored to console them by the hope of an eternal reward, and I often blended my tears with those which I saw them shed.

On the first of April, the *Sieur Leger* went to the spot where the Indian canoes were, and I went to the woods about eight o'clock in the morning ; I was resting on a tree which I had cut down, when I thought I heard the report of a gun ; as we had several times heard the same noise without being able to discover whence it came, nor what it was, I paid no great attention to it. About ten o'clock, I went back to the cabin to ask *Mr. Furst* to come and help me bring in the wood I had cut ; I told him, as we walked along, what I thought I had heard, and at the same time kept looking out to see whether *Mr. Leger* was returning. We had scarcely gone two



hundred paces when I perceived several persons ; I ran to meet them, and Mr. Furst hastened with this happy news to our sick comrades. When I was near enough to distinguish, I saw an Indian with a woman whom Mr. Leger was bringing along. I spoke to this man ; he answered me, and then asked me several questions, which I answered properly. At the sight of our cabin he seemed surprised, and deeply touched at the extremity to which we were reduced ; he promised to come back the next day, to go a hunting, and bring us in whatever he killed.

We spent the night in this expectation, and at every moment rendered thanks to Heaven for the relief it had just sent us. Day came, and seemed to bring in the solace which had been promised the day before ; but our hopes were deceived ; the morning glided away and the Indian did not keep his word. Some flattered themselves that he would come in the afternoon ; for my own part, I suspected the cause of his delay ; I saw that it would be prudent to go to his cabin, and ask him why he had not come as he had promised, and if he hesitated in his answer, to force him to show us where the boat was in which he had crossed. We started, but judge of our consternation ; on our arrival, we found neither the Indian nor his canoe ; he had carried it off during the night, and had retired to some place where we could not find him.

To tell you the reason of such a course, I must inform you that the Indians are more fearful of death, and consequently of sickness, than all others. His flight was induced by the excessive fear peculiar to that race ; the display of dead bodies, the frightful state of our sick,

the infection of their sores, had so alarmed the man, that, to avoid being affected by the tainted air, he thought best not to keep his word, and to change his abode, for fear we should go and force him to return to our cabin and aid us.

Although this disappointment afflicted us greatly, we should have felt it more if there had not been a second canoe; but we had to take measures to prevent its owners from escaping us. Our fear was that the Indian who had deceived us, would inform his comrade of the danger of visiting our cabin, and persuade him to go and get his canoe by night, and remove from the place where we were.

This reflection led us to resolve to carry off the canoe with us, in order to oblige the Indian to come to our cabin and help us, whatever repugnance he might seem to have. But for this precaution we were lost; not one of the two occasions we had had would have served us, and our death was certain.

When the canoe was brought, we fastened it to a tree, so that it could not be carried off without making noise enough to warn us that some one was detaching it.

Some days were spent in waiting for the Indian to whom the canoe belonged; but we saw no one, and during this time our three sick comrades died.

On the seventh, in the evening, Mr. le Vasseur was surprised by a debility from which he never recovered, and the other two seeing that even the Indian's aid which we expected, would be useless to them, as they were unable to walk, again prepared to put themselves in a state to appear before God.

The Sieur Vaillant, the younger, died on the tenth, after suffering for a whole month all that can possibly be imagined; his patience always equalled his pain; he was sixteen years old; the Mr. Vaillant whom we had lost on the eleventh of March, was his father; his youth never seemed to him a ground for complaining at being so soon taken from life; in a word, he expired with that resignation and courage which characterize the perfect Christian.

The Sieur de Senneville imitated the virtues of the younger Vaillant, or rather they were models to each other; the same pain, the same patience, the same resignation; why cannot I set down all that these young men said the few days previous to their death? They made me blush not to have as much courage to console them, as they had to suffer. With what confidence, what respect, did they not speak of religion and the mercy of our Lord? In what terms did they not express their gratitude? They were indeed two noble souls, and the best hearts I ever met in my life.

The latter several times begged me to cut his legs off, to prevent the gangrene getting up; his entreaties were, as you will imagine, useless; I constantly refused to do as he wished, and showed him that I had no instrument suitable for the operation, and that, even if I had wished to risk it, it would only increase his pain without guaranteeing him from death. He then put his affairs in order, and wrote to his parents in the most touching manner, and resigned his soul to God, on the evening of the thirteenth, aged about twenty. He was a Canadian, and son of the Sieur de Senneville, who was formerly a page to the Dauphiness, then a Musque-

teer, and now King's Lieutenant at Montreal, where he possesses considerable property.

The death of these three victims, of cold and hunger, afflicted us greatly, although in fact their life was, so to say, a burthen to us ; I felt a father's love for them, and was abundantly repaid ; yet on reflecting that if the Indian had come while they were yet alive, we would have had to leave them alone and unassisted in the cabin, or lose the chance of going, I felt that I ought to thank our Lord for sparing me such a cruel alternative, by calling them to himself. We had, moreover, no more provisions ; there was left only the small ham of which I have spoken. This, we were afraid to touch, and contented ourselves with the shell-fish which Leger and I, from time to time, gathered on the seashore. Our weakness increased from day to day, and we could scarcely stand, when I resolved to go in search of the Indians whose coming we expected, and to use their canoe for this purpose ; we got gum from the trees to put it in order, and with our axe made paddles the best way we could ; I knew how to paddle perfectly ; this was a great advantage to accomplish our object, and even to expose ourselves, in case we could not find the Indians, to run the risk of crossing in the canoe ; it was our last resource, since it was a question of preserving life, or voluntarily braving all. It was certain that, by remaining on that island, we had only a few days to live ; crossing the gulf we ran no greater risk, and might hope that our attempt would succeed.

All was ready on the 26th of April ; we cooked half the ham, taking the broth first, and intending to reserve the meat for our route ; but in the evening we were so

overcome by hunger, that we were forced to eat it all. The next day we were no stronger than the day before, and, on the 28th, we were without resources, and with no hope of finding any in time to save us from starvation. We accordingly prepared for death by reciting the Litany of the Saints; then we fell on our knees, and lifting my hands to Heaven, I uttered this prayer:

“Great God, if it is thy will that we share the fate of the fourteen persons who have perished before our eyes, delay not to fulfil it; do not permit despair to overcome us; call us to thyself while we are resigned to leave this world without regret; but, Lord, if thou hast not yet resolved our death, send us help, and give us strength to support, without a murmur, the afflictions which thy justice still prepares for us, that we may not lose in an instant the fruit of the submission which we have thus far had to the decrees of thy Providence.”

I was concluding my prayer, when we heard the report of a gun, which we quickly answered; we supposed rightly, that it was the Indian who owned the canoe we had; he wished to see whether any of us were still alive, and perceiving it by our gun, he kindled a fire to pass the night. He did not suppose us able to go to him, and clearly did not wish us to do so, for, as soon as he saw us, he hid in the wood a part of a bear which he had killed, and fled.

As we wore boots, we had a good deal of trouble to reach his fire; we had to cross a pretty large river, thawed for some days; we saw the tracks of his flight, and followed them with incredible fatigue; and even this would have been useless, had not the Indian been



compelled to slacken his pace to enable his son, a boy seven years old, to follow him. This circumstance was our salvation; towards evening we overtook this man, who asked us whether our sick were dead; this question, which he put with an air of fear, lest they should still survive, left us no room to doubt but that the first Indian had told him of our state, and the danger of approaching our abode. I did not think proper at first to answer his question, and without any more ado I pressed him to give us something to eat, and for this purpose to return. He durst not resist; we were two to one, well armed, and, what is more, resolved not to leave him for a moment. He admitted that he had almost a whole bear, which he did not refuse to share with us. When we got to the place where he had hidden this bear, we each eat a piece half cooked; we then made the Indian and his wife take the rest, and led them to the spot where we had left Mr. Furst. This poor man awaited us in extreme impatience. When we arrived, he was ready to expire. You may imagine his joy when we told him that we had food and assistance. He first ate a piece of bear meat; we put the pot on the fire, and took broth all night long, which we spent without sleeping, for fear our Indian, who would not sleep in the cabin, should decamp. When the day came, I gave this man clearly to understand that he must take us to the place where the boat was, in which he had crossed, and, to induce him not to refuse our request, I told him that we would use him very roughly if he made any delay about it. The fear of being killed made him speedily construct a sled, on which he put his canoe; he made signs for Leger and me to drag

it, wishing, doubtless, to tire us out, and oblige us to give up aid which cost us so dear. We might have forced him to carry the canoe himself, but this violence seemed to me out of place; it was better to manage our Indian, and all we could do was to use precaution, so as not to be duped. I will tell you, in my eighth letter, what these precautions were, and that one, I believe, will enable me to conclude my shipwrecks, and tell you of my return to France.

I am ever, with perfect attachment, my dear brother,

Your very affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, April 24, 1742.

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#### LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I should have sent you the close of my narrative last month, had I not been obliged to spend some weeks in the country. During all my absence, I could not find a single quarter of an hour of which I was master enough to devote to satisfying your curiosity completely. I returned only yesterday to Paderborn. I made several visits this morning; some you know are indispensable, and I sacrifice the rest of the day.

I required of the Indian and his wife that they should go ahead, under the pretext of clearing the way; but I did not end my precautions here. I told them that the child would get tired on that march, and that he must

be put in the canoe, and that it would afford us a pleasure to relieve him in that way.

The heart of a parent is everywhere the same ; there is none that does not feel obliged for favors done his children, and that does not accept it with pleasure. This man's son was a hostage in our hands for his parent's fidelity. We walked over a league, through snow, water, or ice ; our fatigue was extreme, but the hope of the fruit it was to bear supported and encouraged us ; yet it was impossible for us to drag the sled all the time. We gave out, and the Indian, touched with our exhaustion, took the canoe on his shoulders and carried it to the shore, and first put his wife and child in. The question then was, which of us should embark ? The canoe could only hold four, and consequently only one of us three could profit by it. I first offered to remain, and told Messrs. Furst and Leger to settle between them which should go ; each wished to have the preference, and feared to lose this opportunity of avoiding a wretched end ; while they were disputing, the Indian motioned me to come, and, after telling me that he guessed the reason of the apparent dispute between my two comrades, he said he would only take me into the canoe, and without giving me time to answer, he dragged me in, and put off.

Mr. Furst and Mr. Leger gave themselves up as lost ; their cries expressed their despair ; I could not resist them, and requested the Indian to put in shore to enable me to say a word of consolation to my comrades. When I got within speaking distance, I justified my course by telling them what the Indian had said. I advised them to follow the shore, and promised them,

on the word of a priest, that, as soon as I reached the Indian cabin, I would come for them in a canoe. They knew me incapable of perjury ; this assurance consoled them, and without distrust they saw us put out to sea.

That day we landed ; the Indian took his canoe on his shoulders, carried it near the wood, and laid it on the snow. As I was tired from being so long on my knees in the canoe, I was resting on a rock near the shore. After a while, believing that the Indian was kindling a fire to sleep there, I took my gun, two paddles, and two large pieces of meat, which I had taken to save Mr. Furst and Mr. Leger the trouble of carrying them, and I ascended the heaps of ice, which were at least six feet high. No sooner was I at the top, than I saw that my Indian and his wife had put on their snow-shoes, a kind of frame used by the Canadians to go faster over the snow ; the man carried the child on his back, and both were running as fast as they could. The cries I uttered to stop them only made them redouble the celerity of their course. I at once threw down my paddles, descended the ice mound, and, with my gun and meat, followed their trail for some time.

While climbing the mound of ice, I wounded myself quite badly in the right leg, and the pain was renewed every time that I sank in the snow as I ran along, that is to say, every moment. I could no longer breathe, and had to stop several times to take breath, and to rest on the muzzle of my gun. I was in this posture, when I heard Mr. Leger's voice—this meeting gave us both extreme pleasure. I told him what had occurred, and he, on his side, told me that Mr. Furst, overcome with fatigue, had been unable to follow him, and that he had

left him stretched out on the snow, at a place quite remote from where we were.

In any other circumstances, I should have flown to his assistance ; but it was all-important for us to overtake our runaway. Mr. Leger, like myself, felt how much we risked in delaying any longer to follow his trail.

We instantly started for the place where I knew he had fled ; but, as he had left the snow to take the sea-shore, which was low and sandy, we were stopped for some time. We kept on, however, and after walking a quarter of an hour, again struck on the trail of the Indian, who had taken off his snow-shoes, doubtless thinking that I had been unable to follow him thus far. This circumstance made us think that his cabin was not far off : we redoubled our speed, and, as we got near the wood, we heard the report of a gun ; we did not think it worth while to answer it, for fear that, if it was fired by the Indian whom we were pursuing, he would resume his snow-shoes to fly with new swiftness, as soon as he knew we were so near.

We accordingly continued to walk on, and, soon after the first report, we heard another ; this made us suspect that the Indian wished to light a fire there, to rest with his wife and child, after satisfying himself that he was not followed. This conjecture was false, as you will soon see.

Ten minutes after the second report, we heard a third, of which we saw the flash ; no answer from us ; we advanced in silence. On our way, we found a large boat on which somebody had been working the day before, and twenty steps further, we saw a large cabin. We entered



with the air which suited our situation ; the tone of suppliants was the only one that became us ; we took it at first, but the old man, who spoke French, would not permit us to continue it.

“Are not all men equals?” said he, “at least ought they not to be? Your misfortune is a title to respect, and I regard it as a favor, that Heaven, by bringing you here, gives me an opportunity to do good to men, whom misery still pursues. I only require of you to tell me what has befallen you, since you were cast on this island ; I should be glad to sympathize with you over your past sufferings ; my sensibility will be a new consolation.”

At the same time, he ordered them to cook our meat with peas, and spare nothing, to show that humanity is as much a virtue of the American Indian, as of more civilized people. When this old man had given his orders, he begged us to gratify his curiosity ; I endeavored to forget none of the circumstances which you know attended our misfortune, and, after having finished my story, I begged the old man to tell me why the two Indians, whom we had seen in the depth of our misery, had refused to help us.

“Indians,” said he, “tremble at the mere name of sickness, and all my arguments have not yet dispelled the terror which still fills all whom you see in this cabin. It is not that they are insensible to the misery of their brethren ; they would fain help them, but the fear of breathing a tainted air checks the impulses of their hearts, which are naturally compassionate. They fear death, not like other men, but to such a degree, that I know not what crimes they would not commit, to avoid it.

Here," said he, pointing to an Indian behind the others, "this is the one who broke his word to you; he came here early in the month, and told us the wretched state in which he had seen the Frenchmen, whom he supposed all dead by that time, and whom he would have willingly assisted, but for the corruption among them. Here is the other," continued the old man, pointing to the one whom I had pursued, "he got here an hour before you, and told us that there were still three Frenchmen alive, that they were no longer near their dead companions, that they were in health, and could, he thought, be aided without risk of bringing infection with them; we deliberated a moment, and then sent one towards the quarter where you were, to show you, by three reports of a gun, where our cabin was. Your sick, alone, prevented our going to help you, and we should, perhaps, have gone, if we had not been assured that the aid we might send, would be of no use to you, and might be of great injury to us, as your cabin was filled and surrounded with infected air, which it would be very dangerous to breathe."

Such language in the mouth of a man belonging to a nation whom a false prejudice makes us suppose incapable of thinking or reasoning, and to whom we unjustly deny sentiment and expression, surprised me greatly. I even avow, that to have the idea of Indians which I give you, it did not need less than my seeing them.

When the old man got through, I endeavored to express all the gratitude which we felt. I begged him to accept my gun, which its goodness and ornaments, for it was covered with them, raised in value above all those in the cabin. I then told him that fatigue had pre-

vented one of our comrades from following us, and that it would be the crowning of his kindness if he would send two men to enable them to reach us. My entreaties were useless ; Indians fear to go out by night, and nobody would undertake to go to the relief of Mr. Furst. They promised me, however, that they would go early next morning ; this refusal gave me much pain ; the old man perceived it, and, to console me said, that it would be quite useless to try, and find my friend in the dark, as he had no gun to show where he was, and that it was better to wait for daylight. Mr. Furst accordingly spent the night in the snow, where God alone could shield him from death, for, even in the cabin, we endured inexpressible cold. The Indians never make a fire when they lie down ; they have not even blankets, and consequently we spent a very poor night. The next day, as we were preparing to go after Mr. Furst, we saw him arrive ; our footprints had guided him, and to overtake us he had profited by the time when the snow, hardened by the night's cold, does not yield to the weight of a man walking. Our first care was to warm him, we then gave him some food, and we showed one another the joy we felt to be together again.

We spent the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of April with the Indians ; they seemed to be jealous who would show us most attention, and endeavored to surpass each other in this respect. Bear meat and caribou did not fail us those two days, and they took care to give us the most delicate morsels. I know not whether the duties of hospitality are better fulfilled by Europeans than by these Indians. At least I am tempted to believe that these fulfil them with far better grace.

On the first of May, they launched the large boat ; we all embarked and set sail ; the wind failed us towards noon, at about six leagues from the main land. This accident afflicted me ; I feared to be unable to relieve soon enough such of our comrades as had survived at the place of the shipwreck. This fear made me entreat the old man to give me two men, with a bark canoe to go ashore. I tried to induce him to grant my request by promising to send tobacco and brandy to all in the large boat, as soon as I got to the French. Much as he would have liked to oblige me, he first consulted before making me any promise, and it was not without difficulty that they paid any attention to my request. They feared that a trip of six leagues was too long for a canoe, and they did not wish to expose us to perish. We accordingly started, and about half-past eleven o'clock in the evening we reached land. I entered the house of the French ; the first whom I saw was Mr. Volant, a native of St. German-en-Laye, my friend and master of this post. I could not fall into better hands ; I found in a single man the sincere desire and real power of serving me. He did not recognize me at first, and in fact I was not recognizable ; as soon as I told him my name, he lavished marks of friendship on me, and the pleasure we had in embracing each other was extreme on both sides. I told him first to what I was bound ; with regard to the Indians he kept my promise, and each one of our liberators had liquor and tobacco. They arrived there only at ten o'clock in the morning ; till that time I was recounting to Mr. Volant all that had happened to me, and I insisted especially on the fate of the twenty-four men who

were at the wreck. My friend was the more touched by it as they were still in pain. He immediately fitted out a boat to go to their relief and to discover, if possible, whether any one of the eleven men of the small boat was still alive. When he got to the neighborhood of our shipwreck, he fired several guns to make himself heard by those whom we had left there; at the same time he saw four men who fell on their knees, and with clasped hands begged him to save their lives. Their wasted faces, so to speak, the sound of their voice, which told that they were on the brink of the grave, and their cries, pierced the heart of Mr. Volant. He advanced to them, gave them some food, but with moderation for fear of killing them, by overloading their system suddenly. In spite of this wise precaution, one of these four men, named Fenguay, a Breton by birth, died after drinking a glass of brandy.

My friend had the twenty-one men buried who had died since we left them, and brought off the other three who had borne up against hardship, hunger, and the severity of the season; they were, however, far from being in perfect health; one of them, named Tourrillet, the master's mate from the department of Brest, was slightly deranged, and the other two, by name, Boudet and Bonau, both from Isle Rhé, were swollen over the whole body.

Good food and the care we took of them restored them, if not perfectly, at least enough to enable them to start with us for Quebec.

Returning, Mr. Volant perceived, near the shore, one who seemed to have been drowned, and some fragments of a canoe; he advanced to make sure of what he per-



ceived ; and by firing several times, endeavored to see whether there was any one there ; no one appeared ; there was no answer, and all I can say is, that thirteen men died of cold and hunger, as my friend saw a kind of cabin some distance from the shore, which proved that they had landed and, finding no relief there, had perished miserably.

It is useless, I believe, to tell you the feelings which we experienced, when we saw the three men arrive who had escaped from the shipwreck ; you may imagine how touching it was, and how little tears were spared.

After tenderly embracing each other, I asked them how they had been able to live till then, and how the others had died ; they told me that cold and hunger had carried off a part of their comrades, and that the others had been consumed by ulcers horrible to look upon ; that, for themselves, having become destitute of all food, they had eaten the very shoes of their deceased comrades after boiling them in snow-water, and roasting them on coals ; and this resource having failed, they had even eaten the leather breeches of those whom death had carried off ; and that they had only one or two, when Mr. Volant had come to their relief.

You see well, that the condition of these poor people had not been less deplorable than ours, and they had, perhaps, suffered much more than we, if for nothing else than the necessity of eating the very garments of those comrades whom they had lost. We remained nearly six weeks at Mingan, all which time we spent in thanking God for having preserved us amid so many dangers, and we did not pass a day without imploring

his mercy, for the souls of forty-eight men who had perished since our shipwreck.

The *Sieur Leger* left us, and started for Labrador, intending to go to France on a *St. Malo* ship, and, on the 8th of June, we took the occasion of a small craft to return to Quebec. The wind was so favorable, that, on the evening of the 13th, we landed. All were amazed to see us again; they thought us in France; every one eagerly asked us what had brought us back, and what had happened to us after our departure. We satisfied the curiosity of those whose attachment to us made them interested in all that concerned us.

The next day, they conveyed to the hospital the three sailors whom *Mr. Volant* had found at the place of our shipwreck. *Mr. Furst* and I, each did, for our part, what was necessary to restore us completely. As soon as my Superiors saw that I was a little better, they gave me the little parish of *Soulanges*, which I served for a year; I then received a second obedience to go to France. I accordingly embarked as chaplain, on board the king's ship, "*Le Rubis*," commanded by *Mr. De la Joncaire*, *Capitaine de Haut-Bord*.

We left Quebec the 21st of October, 1738, and, on the 2d of December, we entered *Port Louis*, in *Brittany*, to get some provisions, for we were running out. We remained there about twenty days, and left it on the 22d, with the "*Facon*," commanded by the *Marquis de Chavagnac*, who came from *Cape Breton*.

About midnight, we anchored for about two hours, off *Belle Isle*, to wait for a wind; we then made sail for *Rochefort*, which we reached next day, and there my duties detained me till all was unloaded.

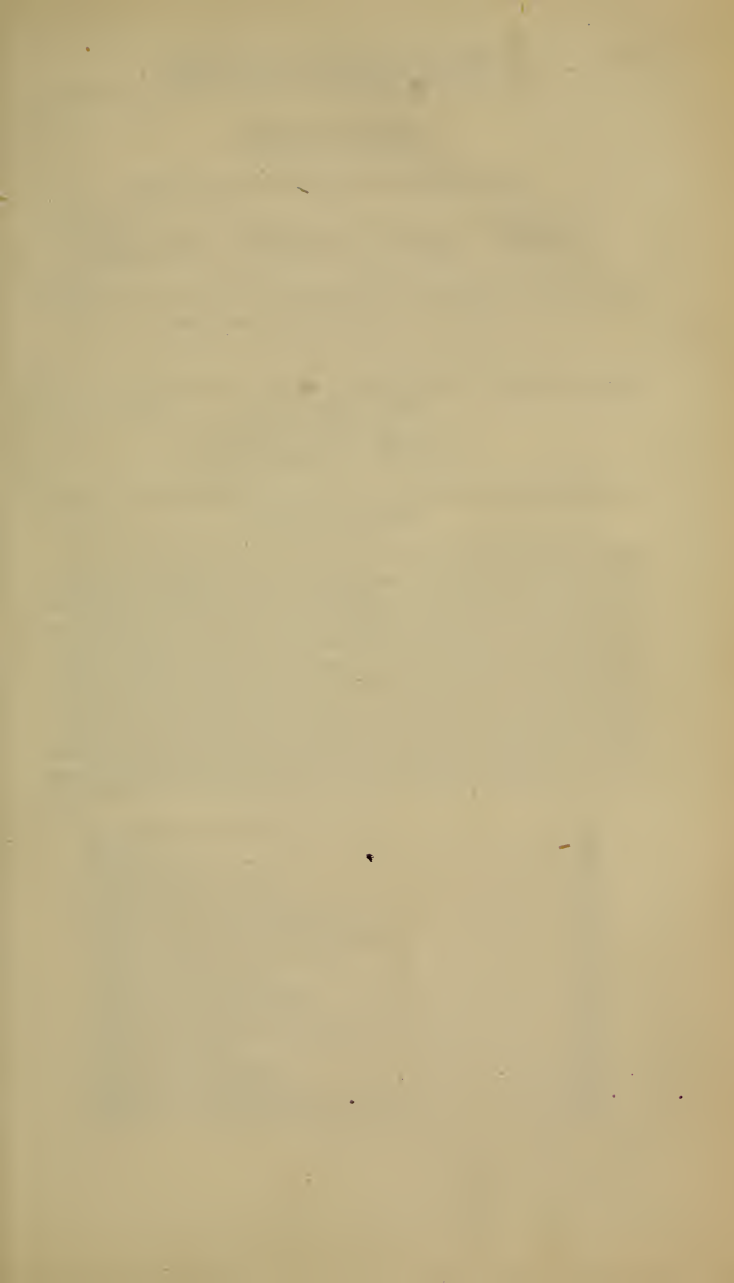
Some days after, I started for Paris, whence I was sent to Douay, in Flanders. Here I remained, till early in 1740, when I was appointed Vicar of our Convent of Avesnes, in Hainaut. I arrived there on the 25th of January, the same day that I had left it, sixteen years before. My Superiors, in sending me to that house, had expected that some years' stay in my native country would completely restore me, after the hardships I had undergone in my travels. I had conceived the same hope, but it turned out quite the reverse; my stomach could no longer bear the food of that part; I had, so to speak, acquired a new constitution; repose was injurious to me, and I had to accustom myself to it gradually. This made me solicit from my Superiors an obedience to return to Paris, the air of which suited me much better than that of my province. They were kind enough to grant my request, and when I was perfectly well, they appointed me chaplain in the French army, commanded by the Marshal Maillebois.

Such, my dear brother, is the account of my voyages and shipwrecks. I hope you will be better satisfied with it, than with what I sent you first. You may rest assured, that I have stated nothing that is not in accordance with strict truth. I hope, indeed, that the rumors which begin to prevail, have some foundation; I should soon have the pleasure of embracing you at Frankfort, and of proving to you that I am, and shall be all my life, with the sincerest friendship, dear brother,

Your very affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, June 18, 1742.







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This long and eagerly-expected publication has at length reached the West. The delay in forwarding it arose, as we learn from a note of the publisher, out of the immense and unprecedented demands for it which are reaching him from all parts of the country, and which several printing presses, kept in constant play, have as yet been ineffective to supply. The typography of the work is extremely creditable to Mr. Donahoe, the enterprising publisher. On this point he has left the reader nothing to desire, either as respects clearness and brilliancy of impression, or the neat, compact, and convenient form in which the book is presented to the public.

Of the merits of the work itself we presume we need not speak at length, after the specimen of its style and manner which we gave last week. Written in a tone of rare modesty and translucent candor, it still does not lack that vigor and purity of style, deep research, cogent reasoning, and simple, touching eloquence which might be expected from the reputation for erudition and mental force which Dr. Ives always had among his co-religionists up to the period when he resolved upon the rending sacrifice of which this volume furnishes the reasons. Its publication will show the desperate falseness of the allegation by which the ex-bishop's friends endeavored to account for his conversion, and which it is probable themselves never believed. The *Protestant Churchman*, we observe, in noticing the work, says it "should like to see those bishops, who pronounced Dr. Ives mad, undertake to refute this book."

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